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THE AMERICAN BLOCKADE.

A COMPLETE dearth of cotton is equivalent to a famine in the manufacturing districts, and though this is not yet come to pass, the withholding of the year's crop of the United States from the market checks employment, reduces profits, annihilates wages, and lessens one of the most ingenious and useful productions of our age. The prospect of what is to come terrifies the manufacturing population, and a strong desire prevails to obtain relief by the action of the government. To protest against its interference on the principles of international law, founded on the practice of the governments of Europe, seems to us wholly inadmissible. All other laws are silent in the presence of an overruling necessity. The want of cotton to the manufacturers is like the want of food to a starving man. If he can get it he will take it, whether he own it or not. After duly considering the subject, if we could see the way to any beneficial results for our own population, we should advocate instant interference by our government. But to that conclusion we cannot come. The question is obviously one for which the "file affords no precedent," and must be considered and decided by its own peculiar merits.

From circumstances now, and probably at all times, beyond the control of Government—certainly they never were regulated by any Government—there has grown up in Europe, and especially in England, a most ingenious, extensive, and useful manufacture, by which England is enriched, and half the civilized world is clothed. At the same time there has grown up in the southern states of America an equally extensive cultivation of cotton. Mr. Bazley has properly described it as the most successful agricultural undertaking ever contemplated. It is the complement of our ingenious manufacturers. The two have waxed together. Both have grown up. In 1790 we worked up nearly two thousand cwt. of cotton, and the Americans did not send us a pound. In 1860 we worked up more than ten million cwt., and they supplied us with more than eight-tenths of all we used. These two great industries have grown up—apart from the social condition of the workmen—in perfect freedom. Neither the Government of England, nor the Federal Government of the States, has interfered with them. They are natural products of the laws of life—a striking illustration of the increasing dependence of very different and distinct peoples, living, under different governments, on one another, and mutually serving each other in spite, if we may not rather say in consequence, of their different social conditions. They are not now dependent on the action of Government for their success, though their mutual and beneficial action is deranged, and their growth impeded, by the conduct of the two contending Governments of the States.

For seventy years, this mutual service has been almost uninterrupted, and both the manufacture and the growth of cotton have prospered in peace beyond all other industries. A stop is now suddenly put to this beneficent progress. For no good cause it pleased certain southern politicians to declare the secession from the Union of the Southern States, and it then became the supposed duty of the Federal Government and the Northern States to force them back into the Union, or punish them. In the prosecution of these designs, the southern politicians resolved to force the people and government of England especially, and of Europe generally, to aid and support them, by withholding the cotton grown in the South. They virtually laid an embargo on the export. They had a notion that cotton was king

of England, if not of the world. They had him in their keeping, and they used him for their purposes. The southern planters took the same view, and united themselves to the politicians to starve the people and governments of Europe into admitting the Confederates into the community of nations.

They have kept all the crop of the present year in their own possession. Counteracting the South, the Federal Government placed all the ports of the South under a blockade. Even if the South, convinced of its folly in stopping the export of cotton, should repent, as is likely it will, and permit it, the North would stop the export. The South has very few over-sea ships of its own; the bulk of its export trade is carried on by the ships of the North, and the blockade can only be broken and the cotton brought away by the ships of other nations. Thus, the blockade by the North, which we can break through, seems the immediate impediment to our supply, and the embargo, which we cannot reach, is almost overlooked. It is, however, so complete that it effectually shuts out the Northern States from a supply of cotton as well as Europe; and the latest commercial intelligence informs us that in one week two hundred and eighteen bales of cotton have been imported into New York from Havre and Liverpool.

The result, then, of the blockade by the North and of the embargo by the South is to withhold from Europe the cotton crop of 1861, grown in the States. According to the poet who justly rates the means of living as equivalent to life itself, this is tantamount to withholding food from Europe. In the present condition of society, no government whatever is or can be justified in adopting such a course. Even nations at war permit, as during the revolutionary war, the peaceable and industrious portion of their enemies to buy food from them. Far from being at war with either section of the States, we are on the most friendly terms with both, and neither government is or can be authorized by any pre-existing practices, or rights of embargo or rights of blockade acknowledged by the wars of nations, to stop or even impede the people of Europe from obtaining the cotton grown in America. In the present condition of society—when a piece of cloth is the result of the combined labour of men in many different parts of the world—when the cotton is only grown in the South—because it is required by the combined industry of society—it may be said, we think, to belong to society as much as to the planters, and much more to the men of Manchester than to either the Federal or the Confederate government. New circumstances and new consideration strengthen our conviction that this great question should not be examined, and cannot be decided, by appeals to the old practices of nations methodized into international law.

Great suffering is obviously inflicted on society; a great wrong is done; and usage does not sanction the interference of either the Government of France or the Government of England with the embargo of the South, or with the blockade of the North. Nor do we see how, by interference, either could improve the condition of their own people. They can direct their interference only to the two Governments, the authors of all the mischief. They must continue to acknowledge, as they have already acknowledged, the right of the one to institute the blockade, and of the other to lay on the embargo. They cannot now go against their own practices and their own admissions, and break the blockade, or make a forcible seizure of the cotton. If they take a step against one of the combatants, it will be in favour of the other; neutrality will be at an



end; exasperation will ensue, extensive war is very likely to follow, and a still greater interruption to the trade of their own subjects will be unavoidable. The two Governments, therefore, resisting all attempts to set them in motion, remain quiescent and neutral from clearly perceiving that any action of theirs must be more mischievous than advantageous.

Is there, then, no remedy for this grievous suffering and great wrong? To tell the cotton manufacturers that there is none, is to bid them despair and die. We can give no such disastrous counsel. We have pointed out the origin of the wrong. It lies in the very unwarranted secession of the South, in its very unjustifiable seizure of the Federal property, in the civil war which ensued, in the blockade and in the embargo which the two belligerents, following the old practices of European governments, adopted; and it must be counterworked, if counterworked it can be, by the action of the people and of the trade to which the wrong is done. It is obviously taking a narrow view to limit the suffering to the manufacturers. In their decay, all who deal with them will be involved. The shipping interest and the landed interest will be affected. The revenue of the state will be lessened, and the clothing of mankind deteriorated. All society will suffer through the sufferings of the manufacturers; and it is for society, which cannot in this case act through its government, pledged, by old practices, to a wrong course, to find a remedy if it can.

We are firm believers in the omnipotence of opinion. Opinion, consequently, however slow may be its operation—though we doubt whether the telegraph be quicker—should at once be directed to denounce both the blockade and the embargo. Instead of being acquiesced in by the public as right, because they are in accordance with old practices, they must be stigmatized as flagrant wrongs to modern trade. Instead of honouring the statesmen who inflict them, they must be held up to opprobrium. Nothing in the whole course of modern history—not even Walker's attack on Nicaragua—is more scandalous than the resolution of the Southern statesmen to starve Europe into submission to their will by stopping the export of cotton. Instead of applauding the exertions of the North to force the South back into union by a blockade, they must be branded, though consistent with the former practices of governments, as wholly unsuitable to the circumstances of the present age. Such opinions would be echoed by all Europe; they would find support in America, and would, if anything could, bring the conflicting politicians there to something like reason.

The people might, though this would be hazardous, meet embargo by embargo, blockade by blockade. Patriotism, or rather well-understood self-interest, might induce every member of the community to withhold from the States all supplies of arms and other articles, of which the Americans are in need. So Birmingham, Liverpool, and London, might come to the help of Manchester. But we know it is not to be expected that any temporary sacrifice should be made to attain an ultimate good. Even now we are supplying both sides with the means of continuing their ruinous course, and can break the blockade to carry arms to those who refuse to let us have any cotton. The American Governments have set us the example of stopping trade, and if it be for our advantage we might imitate them. Their own necessities may soon compel them to alter their course. The South especially has little but cotton to sell in order to purchase other things; but should they not, there seems to be no other remedy for the wrong done to the people of Europe by the politicians of America, but to denounce it emphatically and earnestly. An indictment, it has been justly said, cannot be drawn up against a whole nation; but the acts of its rulers can be stigmatized as proud, ignorant, anti-social, and wicked, and both may be made ashamed. To do that and await the result with patience, seems the best mode of redressing the wrong done to all the users and consumers of cotton by the two Governments of America.

DIVINE RIGHT IN PRUSSIA.

THE King of Prussia has startled his own subjects and amused the rest of the world by disinterring the musty, and as nearly every one had thought, exploded and defunct dogma of the "divine right of kings" to govern wrong if it pleases, and right if it suits them. On the day previous to his coronation at Königsberg he summoned the members of the Diet to his presence, and solemnly informed them that "on the morrow he would take the crown from the Lord's table and place it on his head. This," he added, "is the signification of the expression, '*King by the grace of God*,' and therein lies the sanctity of the crown, which is inviolable. I know that you will thus understand the meaning of the act which I have summoned you to witness. The crown has been surrounded by new institutions, by virtue of which you are destined to afford it the benefit of your counsel. You will advise me and I will listen to your advice."

It would be both curious and instructive to know what the nobles and gentlemen more immediately addressed thought of this extraordinary little speech, and whether they received it as an ebullition of silliness or of malice prepense, and how they relished the idea of

having the divine right to give their king advice, which he had the equally divine right of treating with contempt. Never was the doctrine of irresponsible despotism laid down more offensively. The whole civilized world are curious to know in what temper the Prussians will receive it. It has been a moot point among philosophers since the days of Democritus and Heraclitus to decide whether it were better to laugh at human folly or to grieve at it. Very possibly the Prussians will take the matter seriously, after the fashion of Heraclitus, but Englishmen, Frenchmen, Italians, and Hungarians, and all Europe, except the Turks and Montenegrins, will assuredly laugh; and perhaps that grave sovereign from whose presence the new King of Prussia had so recently issued—who never was crowned, by his own hands or those of any other person, and who boasts that he rules by the "will of the people,"—will laugh most of all, though he may laugh in secret, at a freak of speech which inaugurates, with a virtual defiance of his subjects, the reign of a monarch with whom imperial France may have hereafter to pick a quarrel, for the "rectification of its frontier" on the Rhine, or elsewhere.

If the King of Prussia had simply meant that he is a king by the grace of God, his speech might have been allowed to pass unchallenged, both by his own subjects and the outer world of spectators. In this sense it means nothing; for without the grace of God neither he nor the meanest mendicant in his dominions could exist for a moment. If we all move, as religion informs us, in that sphere of life "to which it has pleased Providence to call us," the cobbler who mends shoes, and the cobbler who mends kingdoms, stand on the same platform. Both are of necessity, and the one is as divinely appointed as the other. The Burgomaster of Königsberg, or Potsdam, is as much a burgomaster by the grace of God, as the king is King of Prussia. If William I., the heir of the Hohenzollerns, were dispossessed of his crown to-morrow, in consequence of his speech, and sent into exile by the will of his offended people, he would be an exile "by the grace of God," and the king appointed to succeed him might claim, as he did, the same sanction for the exercise of authority. All this is so obvious as to need no force of asseveration to make it accepted by the metaphysical Prussians, or by the common sense that exists beyond the pale of Germany. But it is equally obvious that this was not the King's meaning. He did not intend to express his reliance as a devout Christian upon the sustaining grace of the Almighty; nor to acknowledge that, without the ordination of the Divine Ruler of the Universe, he could not fill the high position of a king, nor execute any function whatever, either high or low; but he simply denied his responsibility to the Prussian people, and expressed a determination to do as he liked in the government of that country. He ignored all the lessons of history; and asserted a claim of autocratic and despotic power which never had an unquestioned footing in Europe, and against which the whole course of civilization has been, and is, a perpetual protest.

What are we to think of the intellect of a king, who at this period of the world's history takes occasion, without the slightest necessity, to thrust such a pretension into the faces of his people? A king, too, to whom the circumstances of Europe, as they exist at his accession, have given advantages such as have fallen to the share of none of his predecessors since the time of Frederic the Great, if he have only the wisdom and skill to avail himself of them. It is no secret that Prussia aspires to the leadership of Germany, but without venturing to prophesy what might be the result under certain contingencies, it is unquestionable that under a king entertaining such notions as these, and determined to act upon them, the dream will not be realized. The pedantry, not unmingled with wisdom, of the late king, was better calculated to effect the purpose than the stolidity which seems to underlie the whole nature of his successor. William I. is three hundred years behind his time, and should have lived in the feudal ages, before the invention of the printing press, or the discovery of America. His maxim of government is but the antiquated and familiar apophthegm of savages and banditti. It means that might is right; and also, when investigated and pushed to its legitimate conclusions, that there is no other right; and that when the "might" departs the right goes along with it. We have heard before that success is the only test of virtue, and a former Prussian sovereign was wont to allege that God always fought on the side of the strongest battalions; but it was scarcely to be expected in the present day, that a king, who is supposed to know something of the history of England, of France, of Europe, and of America, and to understand, if in ever so small a degree, the tendencies and current of modern thought, should have given such solemn and such gratuitous currency to a doctrine alike needless and barbarous.

Should the evil day come upon Prussia, when the king, by blind adherence to the principle which he has thus avowed to be the guiding motive of his sovereignty, should array against him the reason and instinct of his people, and they in turn draw after them the strong battalions of whom he is now the master, he might find, as other arbitrary-minded monarchs have found, that neither his crown nor his person were inviolate, and that his own doctrine might lead to his humiliation rather than to his glory. He certainly will be fortunate

if he succeed in effacing from the minds of his subjects the evil remembrance of these few words. They will follow him to his doom—and form his epitaph—unless he be wise enough to act in a directly contrary spirit; and to make the good of his people—and not the vindication of his own irresponsibility—the guide of his policy and the maxim of his government.

THE HORSE GUARDS AND SANDHURST.

ONE great principle has hitherto characterized English education, which it extremely concerns the country not to allow to be injured, much less swept away. The English people have always shown themselves most averse to specific and exclusive education, to the training together of the members of the same profession, to special schools and colleges, to the isolation of a number of young boys or men, under the plea of preparing them for the peculiar duties of their calling. We have no seminaries for future clergymen, greatly as they have at times been desired by the clergy; no colleges for barristers, no schools for engineers. Military colleges are the growth of this century only; they owe their existence to the late Duke of York. Such special institutions have ever been repelled by the instinct of the nation; those that have contrived to establish themselves are hot-house plants, the products of forced culture, unsympathized with, we might almost have said, uncared for by the people. Our public schools and our universities are the most national institutions in Europe; those that most thoroughly reflect the genius of the people, and are most entirely in harmony with its instinctive feelings. They do more, probably, than all other influences put together to make Englishmen of the upper classes what they are. The peculiar tone of mind; the test of social and moral sentiment; the social and intellectual habits, be they merits or faults; the manner of judging of life, the kind of existence which English boys hope for, and English men pursue; in a word, the features which distinguish the national character are, for the most part, determined by the action of these great elements of English life. If these institutions have a direction peculiarly their own, what is it but this? That all the boys of the country are educated together, that those whose careers in the future may be as wide apart as the two hemispheres, are mingled together in the same school, learning the same ideas, imbibing the same feelings, gathering up the same general and unspecific training, picking up the same common stock of common sentiments and principles, and moulded into the same common, though most multifarious character.

The power of this great force, in cementing the separate members of the nation into one living organized society, in generating the sense that Englishmen are like each other, and can be relied on through life, whether in the complicated state of society at home, or in distant India and China, as sure to be true to each other from the possession of the same common views and feelings, the same loves and hatreds, cannot be described. A common mass of the same metal is thus forged, as the staple of character in all; the subsequent training of each particular calling afterwards gives it the various outward shapes and applications which are required. At our universities the nobleman and the curate, the barrister and the physician, the great country gentleman and the literary man, all receive the same education, read the same books, pursue the same studies, fall under the action of the same society, form together one common society, and contribute, each to the other, the respective influences which the social position of each enables him to develop and communicate. The rich squire learns much from his fellow undergraduate, who has to depend on his exertions for success; and he returns the benefit by communicating to the poorer man refined sentiments, and a tone of enlarged culture, which will prove of the greatest service to him in life. Each brings his contribution to the common stock, and each derives from that general fund elements of intellectual life and of character which, had he been reared only by himself, never could have been acquired.

Another, and perhaps the greatest advantage which the nation reaps from this admirable system is the absence of that sectarian and professional feeling which blights so many a noble nature in less happily constituted lands. It is one of the most baneful pestilences which can assail a youthful mind, or which mischievously re-act on the well-being of the whole society. At Oxford and Cambridge, at Eton and Westminster, the clergy of England are educated in the company of the nobleman, the lawyer, the merchant, and the physician; and a most blessed thing for England it is that it is so. Narrowness, one-sidedness, professional bias in the estimation of the ends of life and human conduct, are avoided; and in their place the country gains breadth of view, familiarity with all the elements which diversify civilized and refined existence, knowledge of the world, liberality, and charity. No wiser or more effectual precaution can be devised by the profoundest statesmanship against the mutual estrangement of the several classes from each other—one of the greatest curses which can afflict a nation.

The Reform Bill of 1832 introduced members into Parliament from classes which had rarely appeared there previously, and while we cheerfully acknowledge the important contributions which they have been to the value of the House of Commons, we cannot be

blind to the fact that they have exhibited a certain want of catholicity and breadth of feeling, a certain amount of narrowness of judgment and sympathy, of which even they themselves seem to feel the disadvantage. The cause is plain; they lack the culture of a liberal education; they need the acquaintance with many ideas and many aspects of human life, to correct the one-sidedness arising from having associated with one order of mind only. It is not that their peculiar ideas and views of society are not as valuable as any other, that is not the root of the mischief—but that they understand one set only; that one class only of causes and effects have been brought daily under their attention; and that consequently they are unable to perceive the existence of other elements of social life, and the weight to which they also are entitled.

A Parliament of traders would be as absurd and as hurtful as the famed Parliament of lawyers; and the Barebones of commerce would infallibly run through parallel phases with the Barebones of law. Who would not shrink from being governed by a House of Commons composed of men drawn from one single stratum of society only—whether country gentlemen, merchants, manufacturers, barristers, soldiers, or any other? Is it not a deep and instinctive perception of this truth which refuses to let the Church of England be ruled by a synod of priests, which, even in Catholic times, forced the action of Parliament upon ecclesiastical powers in the zenith of their might? Does not the natural hatred of Englishmen towards a bureaucracy repose, in a great measure, on this feeling? Is not dislike of professional government strongly rooted in the very nature itself of every Englishman? Is it not repugnant to the essence itself of the English Constitution?

Few persons are aware how much England is indebted to this cosmopolitan character of her education for that aptitude to overcome prejudice which is one of the most pre-eminent qualities of Englishmen. Some other countries surpass her in quickness and keenness of intelligence, some also in the consistency of their logic; but there is no people on the face of the globe which is so catholic-minded as the English. None equal them in the readiness to embrace every side of a practical question, who can seize effects, and promote or avert them so readily as they can. No other nation but the British could have thrown open her trade and her ports to the traders of the whole world, from no other influence than that of the good sense which saw that such a measure would be a benefit to herself and other countries. No Church is so liberal or so comprehensive as the Church of England. In no country is every question so considered with reference to its intrinsic merits as in the Parliament of England. No other people has approached them as the founders and sustainers of colonies: let India and Algeria bear witness; no other people mentioned by history has known how to retain powerful and independent communities like Canada and Australia in free and friendly union with her empire. And whence this success? From the largeness of heart, the breadth of nature and education, the extended knowledge of the world, the faculty of perceiving everywhere every force which must be reckoned with and the intelligence which naturally seizes on the fittest means of dealing with it. Any serious injury inflicted on these great qualities would be the most serious blow which could be directed against England.

It is a very grave matter, therefore, when a proposal comes from high quarters to supersede the public schools of the country by a military college in the education of the officers of the British army. That the presumption must be strong against such a proceeding, that the burden of justification—of a clear, urgent, and peremptory justification—lies with its authors, are points which will be at once obvious to every mind. It is a step taken in a direction adverse to the whole current of English education in every department of life; it is a substitution for military officers of a professional, exclusive, sectarian education in the place of the fresh air and the manifold influences of an education carried on in combination with all the other classes of society. It is a proposal that the Queen's officers should be soldiers only, and nothing else. There may be a paramount necessity for such an anomaly to the universal English practice; but as the matter is of vast importance, let us be informed what it is. Officers require a special training, we may be told; there are qualifications needed for the military as for any other profession; and these qualifications can be acquired only in military seminaries. We grant the premises: the conclusion we dispute as arbitrary and unproven in respect of officers of the line. We have yet to be told of a single acquirement necessary for a lad of seventeen on his joining his regiment, which may not be attained, not only as well as, but better, more healthfully, than at Sandhurst. The young ensign does not require to understand the movements of a battalion when he first joins his regiment; everything else, even to the minutest details of drill, he can learn at a public school. It is a question of examination; let the examinations be looked to, and the teaching will take care of itself. Every scientific demand that is thought desirable can be successfully met out of Sandhurst; and a world better out of Sandhurst than at Sandhurst.

But there is a military spirit, we may be told; how is that to be got but at a military establishment? We do not wish for the military spirit, the professional temper, in any boy before he enters the

army; we deprecate its formation absolutely; it is a pure evil, an uncompensated injury to the boy himself, to the officer he is to become, and to the nation whom he serves. We want him to be a complete, thorough English boy; with a taste for a future profession certainly, but like other English boys, giving and taking amongst them, with a mind open to every influence of human life, gently taught to see things with other boys' eyes as well as his own, imbibing sentiments which have no sphere at Sandhurst, surrendering himself to the absolute dominion of no single idea or training. The military spirit is sure to come, and quite soon enough. English officers have never been inferior in military spirit to those of any army in the world; they have been a match for any *élèves* of the Polytechnic school in military bearing, if not in scientific attainments. Here has been their defect; let it be remedied by all means, but let not science be purchased by the sacrifice of other qualifications of fully equal value; let it be rather superadded to the rest—a gain, not an exchange, of virtues. For this Sandhurst is incompetent. It can impart science, but so also can the other schools of the kingdom if required; but they can give, what it is perfectly out of the power of Sandhurst to bestow—the broad and catholic education of an English gentleman.

NORWAY AND SWEDEN.

IN a letter from Christiania addressed to the *Times* and published in the number for Thursday last, we have the satisfaction of finding a decided and authoritative confirmation of the doctrine which, some weeks back, we laid before the public concerning the real and supposed relations of Norway towards the other two Scandinavian kingdoms, in respect to the important question of the Triple Union. In more quarters than one, we might almost say in all, we had noticed the cuckoo cry that Norway was in the way: that Sweden might unite with Denmark, or Denmark with Sweden; that Finland might or might not be recovered, but that Norway would wash her hands of the transaction and keep clear of the contemplated amalgamation. That slight grounds existed for this opinion we indicated, and we also showed that they lay in the fact of Norway having a *bona fide* constitution, with which the whole country was satisfied—of which the whole country was proud; which *had* worked well, which *was* working well, and was likely to go on working well; and which, whether bad or good, no man or woman between the North Cape and the Naze would relinquish. The Mezertian process of joining the living with the dead, which would be the case should such a constitution be assimilated to that of Sweden, was out of the question; and all such resistance on part of Norway as was contemplated in case the attempt were made, was nothing more than a fair conclusion from the premises.

There was pretty sure to be plenty of it; and there was an equal certainty that it would be effective. But an assimilation of this kind was not (and is not) the only alternative. The institutions of Sweden might be liberalized, in which case there would be an assimilation in the opposite direction. Or they might remain as they are, Norway remaining as it is. To a Frenchman, indeed, this seems impossible; to an Italian difficult. To a Hungarian, on the other hand, who wants something of the same kind for himself, it appears (we fear) somewhat too easy. We in Great Britain scarcely realize it. It is a thing hard of comprehension. France with its centralization, Italy with its unity, and England with its working knowledge of the good effects which arose out of the abolition of the Scotch and Irish Parliaments, one and all, disbelieve in the practical existence of what they call mere personal, or mere dynastic unions. They mean, in our and their eyes, either mischief or nothing. The Hungarians, who demand one, are told that their demand is impossible, and they scarcely know what they are asking for; whilst England, who once had one with Hanover, is well satisfied to have got rid of it.

Without doubt, mere personal unions are not popular in Southern and Middle Europe. We may say at once that they are not understood. In one kingdom, however, they are understood thoroughly, in theory and in practice as well; and this is in the countries under notice. How it was that the Irish Parliaments worked badly; how it was that the Scotch were as bad; how it is that, in the particular case of Great Britain, the personal union was converted into a Parliamentary one, with a result so favourable as to make us wonder how things went on when they were separate, philosophic historians who have a volume before them may employ themselves in inquiring. It is only certain that the contrary system is best suited to Scandinavia. If any tie in *rerum naturâ* be solely and wholly personal, it is that between Sweden and Norway. The King of Sweden is King of Norway as well; just as the King of England was the Elector of Hanover, or the Elector of Hanover was King of England.

If the Hanoverian union were but a form (and it may or not have been this), the Scandinavian union is a reality. If the mere personal union between Austria and Hungary, for which the Hungarians are at work, be either impossible or mischievous (as it may or may not be), the mere personal union between Sweden and Norway is not only practicable but beneficial—beneficial to both parties.

It is against theory that it should be so. So, however, it is. It is against the doctrines of France; it is against the feelings of Italy; it is against the experience of England. It is against all these—but it is a fact nevertheless; and as such it must be taken by statesmen as they find it; England being recommended to enlarge her experience, Italy to chasten her feelings; France to distrust her *doctrinaires*. For every one in any of these countries who troubles himself about the Scandinavian movement, one element of error must be definitely and decidedly abandoned. He must treat the doctrine that mere personal unions are impracticable, as one that is good or bad according to the circumstances of the case to which it applies. If he adopt it unconditionally, he will go wrong.

Centralization and amalgamation are just the things which no Norwegian will have, not even for the unity of Scandinavia. The unity of Scandinavia, however, he desires as heartily as any Dane or Swede; and he knows that it is attainable without any such sacrifice as those terms imply. "The fusion of the three countries," writes the *Times*' correspondent (whose initials are those of one of the most distinguished men in Christiania), "will conduce to the happiness of the peoples, and to the power of Scandinavia;" and this is what they wish for; but they "do not wish to take for their model the annexation policy of Italy and France, and they would oppose every proposal to convert the existing state of things into a complete national amalgamation. The Norwegians are attached to the federative system, in contradistinction to the principle of centralization."

Cuiuslibet credendum in arte sua. The federative system is just the thing which the Norwegians understand, and which other countries, with the exception of Germany (where there is plenty of federation, but no equality), do not. This being the case, they must be allowed to interpret their own policy in their own way; and no nation in the world can do it better. They know their constitution from its working. They know how it has been threatened; and they know how it is to be defended. They know that, like air and light, its benefits can be imparted to others without impoverishing the original possessor. They know that it is too much to be given in exchange for all the unities in the world; but they also know that the only unity they care about is compatible with the keeping of it.

RUSSIA—BREAKERS A-HEAD.

THE strong man is sorely tasked. He has a heavy load on his shoulders, and he has troubles that encompass him in more directions than one. An empire like that of Russia and an autocracy like that of Alexander can bear much. They can walk with burdens which weaker vessels would stagger under. Trouble for trouble, the difficulties which beset Russia are little less than those which are breaking the back of Austria. Yet Russia will get safe through them, and Europe knows she will. That Austria will do as much some hope; though very few believe.

As a general rule, the opinion as to the capacity and vitality of Russia is favourable. In some quarters, where she is too neighbourly to be pleasant, they are overvalued. In others, where the wish is father to the thought, or where the judgment is misled by crochets, they are put unduly and absurdly low. When the Poles persuade either themselves or the world at large that their cause is other than hopeless, or that there is any approach to an equality of power between themselves and their oppressors, we feel that the sad truth is against them. Mr. Cobden said that Russia was a country to be *crumpled-up*. Had he and his mates always, and upon other subjects, talked such nonsense as this, we should still have the corn-laws.

Russia is strong, and those who, either fearing her or looking upon her with suspicion, shut their eyes to the fact of her strength, are like the ostrich. They hide their head in the sand, and fancy that, because they are blind, they are safe. She is strong, and there is nothing can *crumple her up*. Still, there is a limit to what she can bear at all, and there is a narrower limit to what she can bear with absolute impunity. Toby Philpot had the constitution of a horse, the stomach of a boa constrictor. Yet dram-drinking told on Toby Philpot, and, though it was a long time in killing, was not long in weakening him. Russia is undermining her constitution—her physical one, of course, for that is the only constitution she has. She is shaking her stamina, and that in two ways at once. The candle burns at both ends—dangerous emancipations all over the kingdom; foolish obstructions in the universities. Petersburg was closed last week. Kharkhov and Kief are closed now.

Kharkhov ought to be innocent enough. In Kief, however, there is just the shadow of an excuse. Kief has always been, to some extent, Polish, though not so Polish as the Poles love to make it. It once belonged to the Poles; though it was not so long in their hands as they profess. It shared—in a small way—in the beginning of the present Polish movement. Nevertheless, it is Russian, if the Russians will let it be so. It is Russian in its own way. It is Russian, but not Muscovite. It was Russian before Moscow was invented, and comports itself accordingly. There is in Kief a

little feeling for Poland; a strong dash of the old Kosak spirit; and a touch of independence in the way of nationality which may well be expected in the cradle of the race and the district where the blood is believed to run the purest. But there is not much more—nothing to make a revolution, nothing to make an active secession, out of. You may get an *émeute* out of it; but that is all.

In the eastern half of Galicia, the old Lodomeria, so named after a Russian King, the Ruthenian, Russian, or Rusniak country, which belongs to Austria, and upon which Russia works the great engine of Pan-slavonic nationality, there is an approach to the same feeling, but this in favour of Russia, rather than against her. Of this she avails herself, and intrigues accordingly.

In Lithuania, the vast extent of the country and the thinness of the population, combined with its ignorance, makes it difficult for us to say what the spirit is. Besides this, few have the opportunity of personal contact with the people. In the capital—and Wilna is of the prime place of second-rate importance in the empire—the feeling has shown itself in favour of Poland; and so it has, to some extent, in Kovno. In the last Polish revolution the country at large did more. It joined the movement and effected an important diversion in favour of the Poles. Indeed, it was for a time the seat of war; for, in the heyday of their early success, the arms of Poland were aggressive, and carried the war beyond the frontier of Poland, or into the enemy's country. Still when Poland and Lithuania were united, they led one another a cat-and-dog life. In Wilna, however, there is, in some shape or other, a Polish movement. There are grievances, too, which Lithuania has of its own. The Roman Catholics are oppressed, and, on occasions, persecuted. The tanners, too, and the flax-growers have been offended. A teetotal movement has been suppressed, because it diminished the excise upon spirits. The people, however, are mixed; the true and genuine Lithuanians being neither Poles nor Russians.

The German or Baltic provinces are quiet. The Germans in them are a mere aristocracy; the people, Letts and Estonians, neither of whom have ever achieved a history or dreamed much of a nationality. They have no yearnings, however, for anything Polish—nor yet for Germany. The very Germans call themselves Saxons, and are wholly unmoved by all the patriotism that the true Germans infuse into their very national, but somewhat harmless, literature.

Finland, too, is quiet; though it is in a fair way of being just sufficiently disturbed to make a diversion. Sweden has never got over the loss of it; and Russia has never, for a moment, entertained the idea of relinquishing it. She keeps and means to keep it; and, upon the whole, has acted wisely towards that end. There are not many members of the Greek Church in Finland, and Russia has used no undue influence to make them more. The strong Lutheranism that prevails over the land at large has been left unmolested. An approach to a parliament has been allowed. The Russian language has been left to find its own level; and the Fin has been most especially encouraged. It has been specially encouraged in *odium tertii*; or with the definite view of creating a native Fin, as opposed to a Swedish, feeling. At the same time, the Swedes want Finland back; and when the Crimean war afforded an opportunity, made no secret of letting it be known in influential quarters that it did so. The price, however, was, too high for the service. Thus much, however, transpired during the ventilation of the question, viz., that Finland did not sufficiently care to go back except upon better terms than the old ones. If she became Swedish at all, it must be after the fashion of Norway—i. e., with a mere personal and dynastic union. There was to be a Fin Parliament, a Fin coinage, a Fin Ministry, and all the other elements and appurtenances of a Fin nationality, *secundum artem*. Upon the whole, however, Finland is quiet—*durante bene placito*—i. e., its own pleasure.

Beyond this we get into the wide field of either general or extra-European politics, with Denmark on one side, and Caucasus on the other. Still, the influence of Russia with the German Courts, as well as with Prussia, has to be kept up. The latter has not been improved by either the French visit or the English alliance. Meanwhile Austria is estranged.

In all this there is much to look to—much to keep up. Still Russia is, practically speaking, one and indivisible. For all the purposes of defence, and for most of the purposes of aggression, she is a homogeneous empire. The subject and the semi-dependent states are, no doubt, numerous; but with the exception of Poland, not one of them is, at one and the same time, strong and disaffected. Meanwhile, of Russians alone, there are more than sixty millions, with hardly a difference of dialect, with a *minimum* difference of creed, and with no more difference of nationality than Scotland presents when compared with England, between any two of them. No two Russians throughout the whole length and breadth of the empire, from Kief to Kamtschatka, differ in creed, dialect, or national feeling so much as an Edinburgh patriot differs from a cosmopolitan Londoner, a Cumberland miner from a Sussex peasant, or an anti-Maynooth agitator from a latitudinarian. When a country is in this state, it wants a great deal to *crumple it up*. It is foolish if it overvalue its own strength; but equally foolish are the rivals who presume upon its weakness.

COURSE OF THE WAR IN AMERICA.

THE chief interest of the American war has shifted for a time from the banks of the Potomac to New Orleans and Missouri. Generals Beauregard and McClellan are so nearly matched in strength, but with such overpowering odds in favour of the Southern commander as regards position, that the forces of the North may be fairly said to be checkmated in Virginia. McClellan cannot move to the attack without a risk which no prudent commander would run; and Beauregard has only to remain where he is to gain a virtual victory. And should the two armies come into collision, the South could better afford to be beaten than the North. The defeat of General McClellan in a pitched battle in Virginia, leading to the capture of Washington, might be the first step to the real conclusion of the war; but the defeat of General Beauregard would settle nothing, and could only be the first of a series of struggles, in which the North, encamped in or marching through a hostile country, would have to contend against enemies far more formidable than any army, the sullen resolution of a whole people, and the deadly agencies of the climate.

General McClellan may be forced to make a forward movement, by circumstances of which none but himself can judge; but it is more probable that his inaction on the Potomac will be continued, as the safest and most prudent strategy. In the meantime, to create a diversion, and to satisfy the eagerness of the public of New York and Washington, who require something to be done, and who very much fear that Fremont, in Missouri, may do mischief, an expedition has been organized against New Orleans. If the capture of that city be effected, the credit of the achievement will prove more than a set-off for the disgrace of Bull's Run in the estimation of the North. But we doubt if it be true that the Federal flotilla at the mouth of the Mississippi has been defeated by the Confederates. All idea of the capture of New Orleans may be given up for the present, even if a new expedition should be equipped—whether it will answer the purposes for which it would principally be designed—the opening of New Orleans as a cotton port to the commerce of the world. Even if New Orleans were opened to trade, we greatly doubt whether much cotton would be found there, or brought from the interior thither, to supply England and France. Before the southern leaders determined to secede, they fully calculated the cost of the enterprise. Their *coup d'état* had been prepared some years; their conspiracy had been deeply laid; and they had planned the whole machinery—moral, physical, social, commercial, and financial, by which their end was to be attained.

And not the least important of these, or the one involving the smallest amount of self-sacrifice, was their resolution to withhold the year's supply of cotton from Great Britain, with the view of compelling the British Government to recognize their independence, and of ultimately enlisting the whole world of European commerce on their side; and so rendering it apparent to the Federal Government and the people of the North, that peace was the best, indeed the sole possible policy left. Hitherto the South has acted determinately on this resolution. The cotton crop has been purchased by and belongs to the Confederate Government, and not to the individual planters who produced it; and instead of having been sent down to the ports of Charlestown, Mobile, Savannah, and New Orleans, ready cleaned and pressed for exportation, should opportunity offer, it remains up the country on the estates of the planters, unpacked and unpressed; and in a condition to be set on fire at the command of the government.

As regards New Orleans itself it may not be so easy to take as the Federals imagine, and perhaps if taken it may not be easy to hold. We must not forget, in estimating the probable duration of the struggle, that the South is strong because it is both desperate and united, and fights to maintain something that positively exists, its own independence; while the North, on the contrary, is weak because its councils are divided, and because it fights for the restoration of something that has ceased to exist, namely, the Union. The South has confidence in its leaders, but the North has no confidence in any one, unless it be in General McClellan, who certainly has yet done nothing to justify it; and whose want of success on a great occasion would leave his reputation high and dry—as hopeless a wreck as that of General Scott.

In Missouri, and in all the Border States that still retain a nominal allegiance to the Federal Government, the disunion is frightful. Maryland is held in subjection by the pressure of an immense standing army, maintained at an overwhelming expense; Kentucky proclaims a treacherous neutrality; and Missouri is all but lost to the union in consequence of the gallant resistance made by General Price. This commander takes no orders from President Davis or General Beauregard, but acts on the authority of the late governor as defender of the Missourian soil against the Federal army under Fremont, which he maintains had no right to violate its neutrality, until Missouri had itself declared to which side it would belong. Fremont, goaded into late and probably unavailing activity, has set out in search of Price to Lexington, but Price, having other plans, has left Lexington to choose his own battle-field, which is very likely to be in St. Louis itself—where he would be received with open arms by the citizens.

Indeed, it is difficult to see how the cause of the North can make any real progress in the Border States if Generals like Fremont, however popular they may be, are allowed to set the Federal Government at defiance—to introduce principles into the conduct of the war which the Government disapproves and disavows; and to act in their command as if they were not only generals but presidents, and responsible to no one for their conduct. A tenth part of the charges set forth against Fremont by Colonel Blair would, if true, be more than sufficient to disqualify him for the service of the State in any military capacity, however subordinate. Whether true or false, they cannot be allowed to drop without the fullest investigation, except at the risk of the total demoralization of the whole Federal army—not only in Missouri, but on the Potomac. Some of these charges were briefly alluded to in our last; but they have since been set forth *in extenso* in the American press, and resolve themselves into specific allegations of incompetency, carelessness, extravagance, corruption, and neglect of duty—resulting in the sacrifice of the brave General Lyon, and in the loss of Lexington. The friends of Fremont allege, on the other hand, that he never had troops enough under his command to do what was expected of him; and that he has been systematically betrayed and neglected by the Government at Washington, who appointed him, against their will, on account of his popularity, and were only too glad of an opportunity to ruin him. A few days will show whether Fremont is a man to be so easily got rid of. But it is quite evident that nothing can save him short of the defeat of Price, and the establishment of the Federal authority through the whole State of Missouri.

THE PROSPECTIVE HISTORY OF ENGLAND.

IT is amusing to note the ineradicable antipathy to England which still exists in what may be called the national mind of France. One of the most widely known public writers of that country published a short time ago a singularly bold and cool prospective history of England under the anticipated conquest of our island by Louis Napoleon. He has no doubt whatever of our easy subjugation, and inclines to think this second Norman invasion is very close at hand. We do not class this pamphlet with the successive *quasi*-Imperial brochures that come out just to ascertain how the wind blows, and are therefore more or less the products of Imperial inspiration. It occupies a far more important place. It rises from the masses, and expresses that innate, and, it would seem, ineradicable antipathy to our country which, among the higher classes, is held in solution by courtesy and good breeding, but is dominant in its most concentrated form among the lower populations of Paris, Lyons, and other centres of the trading and manufacturing people. The title of the pamphlet is "*La Guerre et la Paix*;" and as its charm is inseparable from its words, we give its chief points in its own language, literally rendered into English:—

"If anything in France can possibly unite in one common feeling the parties into which the nation is divided, it is assuredly a war against England. The Legitimists reproach the British Government with having conspired to overthrow the Bourbons; the Orleanists, with having brought about the fall of Louis Philippe; the Republicans, with having supported the *coup d'état* of the 2nd of December. The Socialists are hostile to England, which they consider as the centre and stronghold of a grinding and Malthusian agglomeration of capitalists; and have sworn to destroy it. The clergy's hatred is justified by Pritchard missionaries. The whole nation has at heart the twenty-four years' war of the Republic and the Empire, the sieges of Toulon and Dunkirk, the defeats of Aboukir, Trafalgar, Waterloo, the loss of its colonies, the affairs of Perim, Suez, the right of search, Morocco, and lastly, the insidious intervention of the English in Italy after the war was over. Never has such an amount of combustible matter been accumulated between two countries; a single spark will suffice to set them in a blaze. Let the war once break out; it will only end by the definitive humiliation of one of the two powers. . . . How as to the relative forces of the two countries, it may be said, though many an English and French patriot will deny it, that as the physical, intellectual, and moral qualities of the two races are about on a par, the forces of the two states may be set down as evenly balanced. With regard to the foreigner the influence which England owes to her productive power, to her immense capital, her aggressive commerce, and her liberal institutions, France enjoys through her continental position, her centralization, her revolutionary propaganda, and her armies. As for the natives, it may be fairly said that British pride and French vanity are always and everywhere equally hateful. . . . Let us suppose that, after a successful passage and a first defeat of the British fleet, 100,000 French soldiers land on the English coast, soon followed by 100,000, and, if need be, 200,000 more. It is only fair to suppose that, however great their gallantry, the British Volunteers would be of no avail against such imposing regular forces. England invaded and conquered; London, Birmingham, Manchester, and Liverpool occupied; the naval forces compelled to capitulate, by the invasion of the country,—here is what France would have to do in the interest of her future supremacy, and for the definitive subjection of her rival. The whole of the nation would be disarmed; the whole of the aristocracy and middle classes expatriated, stripped of all property, territorial and funded, and reduced to the condition of artisans. The public debt, all mortgages, and joint-stock concerns declared extinct. The soil, thus freed from all its encumbrances, might be let out in small holdings of from ten to twenty-five acres, at a rent about fifty per cent. lower than the present average. All mines, cotton-

mills, dockyards—in a word, the whole of the manufacturing industry of Great Britain,—treated in the same way, and given up to associations of workmen, at a rent of two per cent. on the estimated capital. The whole of the war navy, stores, and so forth taken possession of by the State; as to merchant vessels, part would be brought into French ports, the remainder given up, at a low rate, to associations of seamen. Lastly, a war tax of £160,000,000 in specie, &c., to be raised from the upper classes, and divided amongst the poorest seven millions in France. This once accomplished, to the intense satisfaction of the English plebs, emancipated and enriched by the ruin of the nobles and the *bourgeois*, and of the French plebs, gorged with the spoils of the enemy, there would no longer be any rivalry between the north and south shores of the channel; it would be all over with English aristocracy, English taskmasters, and English pride; England would be freed, at one blow, of her Government and her bishops. An army of occupation and a well-organized police—that is all the conqueror would require to secure his conquest and maintain order. France then would reign alone; the revenue she would derive from Britain would cover the expense of the empire; and the French people, having nothing to pay, would become once more the most lively on the face of the earth."

The sins laid to our charge in this cool calculation of the punishment to be inflicted on us, are what we were not aware of, viz., our guilty complicity in every calamity that has fallen on every dynasty that has swayed the sceptre of France. It seems we are detested, and doomed accordingly to feel the vengeance of every party in France—Legitimist, Orleanist, and Republican. How England can have managed to overturn the French throne so often, and yet mind her own business so well, really puzzles us exceedingly. Our victories, too, are our crimes, and if they provoke invasion as alleged, they are our misfortunes also. But one would suppose that a nation able to master Bourbon, Orleanist, and Republican in their own capital, and able to sweep the sea of French ships on Aboukir and Trafalgar, and to roll back the Imperial Guards and hardy veterans of France, led by her greatest general at Waterloo, must be able, unless very much deteriorated, which is not stated to be the case, to make some little resistance on her own shores, and to give a good account of the 100,000 Frenchmen who are to try to take possession of her capital. We beg particularly to remind Mr. Bright, that the French invaders distinctly name Birmingham and Manchester as places they intend to visit and appropriate. This must be interesting to the Peace Society and the cotton mills. When the roll of French drums silences the spindles of the great cotton and peace-party capital, we are anxious to learn what course the twin brothers, Bright and Cobden, propose to adopt. True to their principles, we suppose they will open the doors of their mills and counting-houses, beg the French general to help himself to anything that suits his taste, and after he has done so, invite him and his officers to a banquet in the Free-trade Hall, and drink with three times three the first toast—"His Imperial Majesty Emperor of the French and King of Great Britain and Ireland, and the colonies thereto appertaining."

The writer very quietly states, "All mines, cotton mills, and the whole manufacturing industry of Great Britain to be given up to associations of workmen at a rent of two per cent. on the estimated capital." Such is the new treaty of commerce which is to supersede the cheap wine arrangement of 1861. It is with exquisite simplicity that our author concludes his partition record with the intimation that "France then would reign alone, the revenue she would derive from Britain would cover the expense of the empire, and the French people, having nothing to pay, would become once more the most lively on the face of the earth." It is time the Manchester people were making ready for this new colony of boarders and lodgers by laying in a good store of claret, burgundy, and champagne, seeing our ale and stout, port and sherry do not agree with French stomachs. Will the Bishop of Oxford resign his see to the Bishop of Orleans, or read his recantation and subscribe the canons of the Council of Trent and the creed of Pius IV.? Will the Bishop of London become a suffragan of the Archbishop of Paris? Who is to have Windsor Castle, and what is to be done with Queen Victoria? We are content to leave such questions in the hands of the army and navy and the Volunteers of old England, perfectly satisfied they cannot be entrusted to better hands. One good, at all events, the pamphleteer has done; if he has failed to render us more enamoured of America, he has made us more thankful for old England.

AN ITALIAN LOVER IN DIFFICULTIES.

THE philosophical teacher in "*Candide*" laid it down as an undeniable proposition, that nothing that existed among mankind was without its peculiar use, nor without the adjunct best calculated to display its capabilities. Legs, said Dr. Pangloss, were clearly made to wear breeches: so there are breeches. The nose was given a bridge to support spectacles: accordingly, we have spectacles. Natural philosophers have, in like manner, declared that no animal has been created that has not some smaller animal also made to be its prey and support. Pheasants eat worms, and man eats pheasants; so also sharpers are made to live upon flats, and flats are born for the especial purpose of feeding and maintaining sharpers. As there are many races of sharpers, so also are there several distinct species of flats.

There is the *lame-horse* dealer, there is also the country gentleman, who leaves his cheque as a deposit while he is trying the *lame-horse*, and returns to the stable to find the seller flown and the cheque presented. There is the skittle-sharper; born for his support there is the countryman, who has come to see the sights of London, and who is lucky enough to meet with a friend who is acquainted with them all, and whose only failure consists in finding that what used to be a rifle-ground is now a skittle-alley.

Thirdly, there is the fortune-hunting sharper (this last being usually a foreign noble); and for his support are reared certain ladies of a certain age, with strong appetites for husbands, and a comfortable sum in the Three per Cents. One of these last-named fitly-matched pairs has this week had their tale of true love brought before the public through the somewhat unsentimental medium of the Old Bailey. Signor Vincenzo Collucci was an artist, "very skilful," as he is described by the counsel for the prosecution, "in painting the portraits of ladies." Miss Frederica Johnstone was a lady possessed of a hand of such exquisite beauty, that Signor Collucci, on first seeing it, requested permission to paint it; but when he discovered that in addition to its plump whiteness and its taper fingers, it possessed a power of signing cheques, which were duly honoured by her banker, he saw that it had better uses than being painted, and he burnt with a desire to appropriate it to himself, doubtless that it might be continually exercised in that graceful employment of cheque-drawing. For a time Miss Johnstone entered into his views; unluckily for him he thought that he might as well at once make sure of some of the spoil to which he looked forward.

He became low spirited. "His mother, who when he left his native land had placed her wedding ring upon his finger as a memento, was dying, and desirous to see him." His lady-love bade him fly to her dying bed, and furnished him with those "best of wings," five fifty pound notes. He flew as she enjoined; but in her case, "absence" failed to "make the heart grow fonder." And by the time that he returned she had made up her mind not to change Miss Johnstone into Signora Collucci. She, however, continued her intimacy with him as an artist, sometimes sitting to him for her picture, sometimes employing her hand as he most loved to see it employed, till she had lent him £2,000. At last her hand became tired, and she declined to exercise it any more in that manner. Again the Signor became low spirited. An injury had been done to his honour; it is not quite clear what the injury had been,—but the sense of it disabled him from working at his profession, and the only balm for his wounded spirit was to be found in some more of Miss Johnstone's cheques. "If she would give him more money, and keep the secret, he might again be able to work." She took time to deliberate. He, to quicken her decision, presently pointed out that she herself was principally interested in having the secret kept; that her character would be blasted by the revelation of the injury which she had done him; that her letters, all of which he had kept, would reveal it to the world; and finally that he would give up the letters for £2,000 more.

To make a long story short, she agreed to give it; the bargain was to be carried out in a meeting at the Pantheon. There they met; she gave him a handful of £100 notes, and he gave her a carefully-fastened paper parcel, with one of her letters at the top, and a lot of old newspapers under it. Then, when she found how she had been cheated of this last sum, she told her tale to her brother. He demanded the restitution of the money. Signor Collucci laughed at him, and wrote another love-letter to his sister; if that can be called one which began with threatening her with legal proceedings, and warning her that "if she took another step not friendly, he would give her letters into the hands of a magistrate to obtain his rights." What her view of his rights might have been, or what might have been the consequences of this threat on the weak silly woman who had allowed him thus to entangle her, can, perhaps, hardly be pronounced with certainty; but luckily the matter was now in her brother's hands, and he looked upon Signor Collucci's letters to himself as insults, and on the writer as a "French blackguard." He put the matter into the hands of his attorney; the attorney intrusted its further conduct to Sergeant Tanner, of the detective police. The gentleman was brought before a police magistrate, and subsequently to the Central Criminal Court, where, on Wednesday last, he was convicted and sentenced to three years' penal servitude. Miss Johnstone received back £1,600 of the last £2,000, which she had given him; but the remaining £2,650 are lost to her for ever. In the eyes of artists like Signor Collucci, her attractions as a desirable *partie* are diminished to that very serious amount.

We are unfeignedly glad that no stratagem of law saved Signor Collucci from his merited punishment. At the same time we have no such sympathy for Miss Johnstone as can lead us to regret that she too has been heavily punished in the loss of some thousands of pounds, and this public exposure of her indelicate folly. Society was equally interested that neither should escape scot-free. Had Miss Johnstone recovered all the sums that she ever invested in purchasing a chance of this Italian swindler, there would have been no lesson of caution derived from her example to warn her sister old-maids of the

danger of listening to similar allurements. Had Signor Collucci obtained an acquittal, and so been suffered to retain his booty, then many a barber's apprentice, who was the fortunate possessor of a black head of hair, would have let grow his beard and mustaches, softened his patronymic of John Smith into Giacomo Talbroni, and gone in for a Brompton heiress. But such an enterprise is sadly robbed of its attractions for both gentleman and lady when the first finds it lead him to penal servitude, and when the latter, instead of getting a husband, loses her money, and discovers that she has only exposed herself to general ridicule.

MODERN GHOST REVIVAL.

THAT this is an age of progress is not yet an article of faith, to dissent from which is heresy; but the belief that we are all going forward is so strong, it requires some courage to express a doubt on the matter. Not wishing to deny the fact that there is a general movement onward, we must recognize something equally evident, that as it "moves on," society is very fond of looking back; it breaks with the past very reluctantly, reverts to it very readily, and carries a good deal that is old with it in its advance. Is it from timidity and mistrust of the future before us, or from real respect for antiquity, that in so many things we prefer to stop and look behind us, rather than press on courageously? If we progress, it is in spite of many influences that do their best or worst to "chain the wheel." The van of the army is pushed forward, but its movements are terribly hampered by the quantity of old baggage carried in the rear. There is a strong conviction that much of the lumber is useless, but we have not the heart to burn it and be rid of it. And the whole body is always ready to cry a halt, and get up a "revival." It is generally one of something that our ancestors wore out, and being thought dead, was buried. But while one-half of society is pushing on, utterly oblivious of what has passed out of sight, the other half gathers round some clique of relic-worshippers who have dug up the dry bones of an art or science, and are wasting on a "revival" the energies that, made in the opposite direction, might have led them to a creation.

A school of English painters exhumed the "pre-Raphaelite" artists, and trumpeted a great advance, when they went back for lessons to the time when art, having forgotten how to read, was again learning to spell. There is a "revival" of church architecture, because we have not the genius, or the courage, to strike out the new style that new conditions of society require. We are printing books in imitation of the typography of the 17th century; music is excavating and reviving the ancient composers, for want of new talent; what was to be the "music of the future," *par excellence*, being obstinately rejected by the present; and medicine is returning to that most primitive stage of the science when mankind were killed or cured without physic, from the mere lack of drugs and chemicals wherewith to save or slay. But of all sciences, perhaps astronomy exhibits the most curious combination of the triumphs of pure intellect at one end of the scale, with the most grovelling superstition at the other: while it points out, by calculation, the exact place of a new planet, which in due time "swims into our ken," the pseudo-science of astrology not only co-exists with it, but seems to flourish, having still its practitioners, its periodicals, and its almanacks. Here, in London, you may have your nativity cast, and your horoscope drawn, as methodically as in the days of Lily or Dr. Dee. Putting together several modern developments, we may fairly ask if the age is as far advanced, or progressing so rapidly, as we have all agreed to take for granted.

We have our doubts; what is called enlightenment appears to do its work in patches, leaving whole masses on the level, in comparative darkness, and many who stand on much higher points of social position in a very vague twilight. And in that "clear obscure," or half shadow, they display some of the old owl-like aversion to sunshine. If the rattle of the steam-engine would permit them fairly to sleep, they would willingly "dream dreams, and see visions," of the kind that bewildered and stupified the world in the dark ages. To what other cause can we ascribe that decided "revival" of the "ghostly" in our recent periodical literature? We do not mean Spiritualism, and all its rappings and table tumbling, but the resuscitation of the real old "ghost," slightly modified, and put into modern costume. There is a "rehabilitation" of the ancient spectre in several of our most popular serials, indicating either a diseased taste in their conductors, or a great fund of latent superstition in the public to whom they are addressed. It is a singular symptom that these ghost stories, requiring much mental degradation to tolerate them, form a feature not in the works that circulate among the lowest class of readers, but in those patronized by a much higher section of the community.

The greatest offenders in this way against common sense and good taste are the journals of what professes to be a purer literature—*All the Year Round*, *Once a Week*, and *Temple Bar*. They discard the tales that deal with felonious baronets, and licentious dukes, trapdoors, abductions, forged wills, and the intimate relations the peerage has established with burglars; they eschew the stories the *Times* described as having "Lust for their alpha and murder for their omega." But in estimating the kind and degree of demoralisation that may be effected by popular literature, it would be difficult to say which is the worst kind of tale, that of vulgar passion or of refined superstition. The first is a very coarse food certainly; but the other is an insidious poison.

We are not hunting the modern ghost through the files of these periodicals, and of its several appearances, we speak from memory. But a ghost it is in *optima forma*. We thought the whole race had been finally laid in the Red Sea; but perhaps the bungling operation of sinking the submarine cable there has stirred their repose. At all events, there is a "here we are again" from a whole tribe of spectres. All that is changed in them is a complete acceptance of fashionable costume, and the assumption of the best drawing-room manners. They scorn to wear shrouds, or walk in their grave clothes; they do not show incised wounds, or mount guard over hidden treasures and lost title-deeds; they do not shake chains when they come, or leave a suspicious smell behind them when they vanish. And they keep earlier hours than the old "won't go home till morning" ghost. They dine, go to the theatre, and travel by first-class carriages, having taken to that comparatively slow mode of conveyance. And the reader will doubtless have noted that no modern ghost has ever condescended to a parliamentary train or a third-class carriage. They are spectres of position and means; they dine and take their claret in a ladylike or gentlemanly manner, as the sex may be, but only in town or country mansions; you never catch them feeding at Simpson's, nor do we remember that any spectre has yet criticised his chop at a club. But we have no doubt the Carlton will soon have to blackball some ghost of pushing and intrusive disposition.

It is only on a review of the trash of this kind that has appeared within the past year or two that its full absurdity—we may add, mischief—appears. What is its purpose? We protest against the ghost at the dinner-table and in the opera-box. It is becoming a nuisance, and a very stupid one. When the spectre was hideous, and a creation of ignorance and perfect belief, it had an element of terror.

The modern ghost is either a literary affectation, to cover want of invention; or a weak, puerile, half-belief in the supernatural, cropping out in a literary hypocrisy. The writers of these tales do not believe in their machinery themselves, and are, so far, self degraded into public impostors. This dallying with a horrible superstition is a criminal method of exciting attention, while the result is the reverse of amusing. More than half the readers of popular journals are young and half-formed minds. What is the impression they are likely to derive from the story of the lady's ghost that always appears in the railway carriage before a catastrophe? or the other ghost that sat in a box at Drury Lane? or the cluster of ghosts in the "Four Stories," in "All the Year Round?" or the last bit of ghostly trash, by "Mr. H." in the same journal. The spectre that would have her portrait taken, and crossed country by rail, and dined with a family party, and carried a leaf from the "Book of Beauty" to London? The minds that such rubbish does not confuse, it must disgust. We implore Mr. Dickens to drop his "H.," and put a ban on this detestable modern ghost, as far as his editorial power extends. The "thick and slab" story of "Love and Murder," concocted for the craving of a different taste, is not so mischievous. The authors bring a fair per centage of their characters to the gallows or the hulks. To the modern ghost story no antidote is offered. It is a mere stimulus to mental disease.

Along with this revival of the "Ghost" in literature, there is a return to the ghastly in art. The illustrations of *Once a Week* are singularly cadaverous; they abound in corpses of all ranks and ages; dead warriors; dead maidens; death-beds are frequent. It is Mr. Millais, we think, who cultivates these effects. Is he like a young surgeon seeking skill by practising on the dead subject? Is there a fear that John Leach's sketches from the living will amuse the public too much? Or does one periodical provide the bodies, and the other appropriate their ghosts? Between them our light literature is taking a very dissecting-room and churchyard character.

The literary "ghost" occasionally puts forth a sort of claim to consideration, that it may be something on the verge of an unexplored domain of science; it is next of kin to the spirit that writes bad grammar, and upsets the wafers. Now, if the spectre can ask the favour, let science do it a good turn. Let optics and chemistry catch this modern ghost and photograph it! It can fix the tails of comets and the atmosphere of the sun; the other day a photographer, at Berlin, caught a stream of electric light, flowing out of the bronze spear of Kiss's Amazon. A ghost can hardly be less material, if it wears crinoline, is helped twice to beef, drinks claret, and wants a portrait taken. The photographer's plate is liable to no delusions, has no brains to be diseased, and is exact in its testimony. We will believe even in the modern ghost if it can be fixed on paper. And it can surely walk into Claudet's or Mayall's if it can go to the theatre?

THE 1862 EXHIBITION BUILDING.

The building for the International Exhibition of 1862 is advancing so rapidly, that the consideration of what its huge space is to be filled with, what are the points of difference between the present and last, what countries propose to take part in the competition, and what are likely to be the prospective results of the undertaking, are questions which necessarily occupy a large share in the public mind. There are not many, however, who have a sufficient amount of official knowledge of the past and the present, to give information on these points, and to institute a due comparison. The Exhibition of 1851, great as was its ultimate success in an attractive and financial point of view, was originated and brought to a favourable termination under many

difficulties. The attempt of general competition, on a comprehensive scale, was new and untried in this country. The object was little understood, and there was even much distrust evinced at the idea of exposing our manufacturing secrets and trade industries to foreigners. There was a very large preliminary outlay incurred for canvassing, for meetings, for trade committees, and a heavy staff. The whole affair was hurried. Very few of the distant countries had time to make creditable collections for transmission, and many did not comprehend or appreciate the advantage of contributing. Still the novelty of the huge building, the great value and variety of the articles collected, and the Royal patronage extended, rendered the undertaking entirely successful.

Although distrust with regard to this second Exhibition has almost entirely passed away now, yet there were many who, at the first announcement of the intention to hold another International Exhibition in 1862, expressed the opinion that it must necessarily fall far short of the first in attraction and success. These opinions, however, have undergone a marked change, as time for reflection was afforded, and public opinion augurs even more favourably of the forthcoming show than of the past. There are many elements which will add greatly to the public interest, and to the commercial success of the speculation. Among the most prominent of these, are the matured thought and past experience which have been brought to bear upon the project; the leisurely and systematic arrangements made, which have enabled both home and foreign contributors to appreciate and take part generally in the competition. A much larger number of countries have applied for space on the present occasion than on the last, and there is reason to believe, from the official accounts already to hand, that there will be a more varied display of raw products and manufactures shown by the principal foreign nations and British colonies. The value of the goods exhibited in the building in Hyde Park was estimated at one million and three-quarters; but in the larger and more substantial building at South Kensington, the value is expected to be much greater. There is another feature, which cannot fail to augment the attractiveness of the International Exhibition, the introduction of the best pictures from every country, and a more general exhibition of sculpture and fine arts. The great success of the Fine Arts Exhibition at Manchester on a more limited scale, is an evidence of what may be looked for next year in this magnificent attraction. Another innovation on the former Exhibition is the permission to affix prices to goods, which renders it a better medium of publicity, and which has led many a producer and manufacturer to enter the lists, who might else have kept aloof.

The facilities of travelling are greatly increased in the past ten years by railway extension and competition in the United Kingdom and on the Continent, and by the number of lines of ocean-mail steamers established to our colonies and distant possessions. The distance between London and the East Indies, China, and Japan, measured by time, has been decreased twenty-five per cent., and between us and our Australian possessions fifty per cent. We have well-organized and punctual lines of steam communication with Western Africa, the Cape and Natal, Mauritius and the Pacific, which did not exist in 1851. Large numbers of steamers run from the northern ports of the kingdom to the chief seaports of Europe and the countries of the Baltic, and steam has even been extended to Iceland. There is scarcely a river of South America, Africa, Asia, or Australia, that is not now traversed by steamers; while railroads are also making rapid progress in our colonies, and trade and commerce have proportionately increased, as our own imports and exports show. The number of miles of railway open in the United Kingdom is now nearly double what it was ten years ago, and the passenger traffic has increased in a like ratio. On the Continent of Europe there are about 12,000 miles of railway in operation at present; and in Germany there are only seven of the smaller States which are without railway communication. The continental managers have now learned to appreciate the system of through-booking, return-tickets, and excursion traffic at reduced rates, which they would not look at a few years back. The Atlantic passage by steam is made in less time, and, owing to the competition lines, at fares reduced at least thirty per cent. The chain of American and Canadian railways, running to the principal Atlantic seaports, has been tripled since 1851.

The decennial increase of population, the progress of colonization, the extension of manufacturing industry, the numerous discoveries in the arts and sciences, the progress of steam on land and on sea, the electric telegraph—have all greatly extended commerce, and led to manifold improvements which can scarcely be duly appreciated until brought permanently before the eye in their collective results. The effects of the gold discoveries in North America and Australia are almost wholly embraced within the period of the past eleven years, and have resulted in adding to the former auriferous wealth of the world, gold to the value of £240,000,000. These discoveries have been attended with the important result of settling vast waste districts, aggregating population in formerly neglected localities, causing populous towns to spring up, and creating an enhanced demand for manufactures and supplies of all kinds.

It is somewhat curious to mark the alterations that have taken place in the divisions of countries and in the names of states since 1851. The map of the world presents a very different appearance now to what it did then. In Europe, a number of states have been blotted out of the map by fusion. Wars and rumours of wars have been very prevalent since then. Parma, Tuscany, Savoy, Sardinia, Naples, Rome, and various other states have been merged or amalgamated with others. The separate independence

of Moldavia and Wallachia has been declared. Many changes have been made in Germany by the adhesion of new states to the Zollverein Confederation. In North America, the great American Republic has been separated by disunion. California, which in 1851 was but a newly settled state, has now several other important American states in its neighbourhood, and a new and wealthy British colony, with rival gold fields of great richness in British Columbia; whilst Vancouver's Island has been taken back from the Hudson's Bay Company.

In central and Southern America great and important changes have been made in pre-existent boundaries, by revolutionary disturbances and the formation of new and independent states. The republic of New Granada, formerly divided into thirty-six provinces, now consists of a confederation of eight independent states. The Argentine Confederation now comprises fourteen states, of which Panama is the capital, and Rosario the custom-house port. In Africa civilization and commerce have largely extended, both on the coast and in the interior; and in Southern Africa we have two new British colonies in Kaffraria and Natal. In Asia and the East, British India has passed under the sovereignty of the crown, from the rule of the old East India Company. British jurisdiction has been extended over Burmah and other districts. The French have taken possession of Vort, in China. We have entered into new treaties with Siam, China, and Japan, and these countries have opened up to us large and populous fields of commerce, with the advantage of a number of new consular posts.

Australia and New Zealand have doubled their population, and settlement has widely extended over the former. Two new colonies, Victoria and Queensland, have been established, and the interior grazing countries have been rendered accessible by steam up the Murray and its numerous tributaries. Important manufacturing industries have sprung up in many of our colonies, and some of them will contribute creditably even in the fine arts department.

There will, in this Exhibition of 1862, be much less disposition shown to produce at lavish expenditure things that will startle by their novelty or attract by their elaborateness. The object sought for now seems more to combine utility and cheapness,—to address the general public by applications of articles and materials rendered subservient to some want of the day. Although charlatanism and monomania have not been quite banished, and there are still fools and knaves extant, yet their efforts seem to be more limited. The desire is not now how to fill the building, but to see that it is creditably filled, by weeding out the absurdities, and reducing the applications for space into reasonable form. This is no easy matter on the part of the Commissioners and trade committees, seeing that the applications are eight times in excess of the space to be filled.

The success of the Exhibition, independent of its own intrinsic attractions, and the various collateral aids to which we have adverted, not omitting the decennial increase of population, is further insured by the interest which the large body of guarantors have in assisting. Sums amounting in the aggregate to nearly half a million of money have been subscribed for, in amounts ranging from £10,000 by the Prince Consort, to £100 by individuals. Each of these guarantors and their friends necessarily put material, pledged to promote the interests of the Exhibition. Looking at the preliminary arrangements as thus far advanced, there can be but one feeling of gratulation, that they have progressed favourably. In future articles we shall enter into fuller details as to the part the home, foreign, and colonial contributors will take, and the nature of the objects to be exhibited.

TERENCE TABOOED AGAIN.

FOURTEEN years ago there was an outcry of great volume and strength among "Westminsters" of all ages. Dean Buckland stopped the annual Latin play which had been performed in the old dormitory since the days of good Queen Bess. Thereupon a memorial to the Dean was drawn up, deprecating the abolition of the play as likely to be most prejudicial to the interests of the school. The venerable Archbishop of York, then near his end, headed the list; five deans, nine or ten canons, half-a-dozen archdeacons, and about 150 clergymen, afforded, one would suppose, a tolerable guarantee that the play was not "improper," while the lay element was represented by a host of noblemen, members of Parliament, and country gentlemen—including by the way about a third of the then Whig ministry: Lord John Russell, Lord Anglesey, Lord Lansdowne, Sir David Dundas, &c.; Westminster, in the palmy days of party, having been the chosen, the almost exclusive seminary of the scions of mighty Whig houses. The memorialists succeeded in their efforts, and the play was, for a time, saved. With the exception of the year before last, when several of the possible actors left unexpectedly, and (if we remember rightly) on the occasion of the death of Queen Adelaide, in the month in which the representation usually takes place, there has been no discontinuance of the time-honoured custom since 1847. We are certain that all scholars and literary men will, no less than old Westminsters, regret to hear that there will be no play this December; the reason alleged being the death of the Duchess of Kent in March last, just nine months before! Even if this most ill-judged step refers only to the play of 1861, Westminster men have good grounds for complaint; but the transparent flimsiness of the pretext gives good grounds for suspecting that unless vigorous efforts be again made, those incomparable performances of Terence and Plautus, which are the exclusive

specialité of Westminster, will be heard no more within the walls of the dormitory.

We are not about to underrate the severity of the loss which the Queen sustained in the death of her excellent mother, nor would we say anything but that which is respectful of the Royal Duchess's character. If we introduce her name at all, the fault is on the side of those who have used it to cloak or justify the secret carrying out of their own narrow-minded designs. The suggestions both of the intended suppression of the play, and of the excuse, is generally attributed to Prince Albert, who is notoriously assiduous in endeavouring to have the school itself carted off bodily—leaving only its memories behind—to some new habitation in the country—

"Ambiguum tellure novâ Salamina futuram"—

where, under his fostering wing, Westminster boys, it may be, like those of Wellington College, doffing the collegiate and assuming the military habit, shall grow stiff and Teutonic under the discipline of the drill-sergeant, and imbibe at Rugbeian hands the Gospel according to Bunsen. This is believed to be one principal reason for the persistent hatred shown by the Chapter to the play. "A Certain Personage" does not care for it; the Dean—who is a scholar, and ought to know better, but who is a Harrovian, and is, of course, bound to look down upon Westminster—humours H. R. H., and a majority of the Chapter gives in, even as

"Obedient Yamen
Answered 'Amen,'
And did
As he was bid."

There is another reason, which has been chiefly given in Radical papers from year to year, as often as they are reduced to the melancholy alternative of going without a notice of the play at all or of sending the most presentable member of their staff to get up Terence by the help of cribs in the British Museum. We are told that certain parts of certain plays of Terence are "improper," and then the old familiar croak about youthful morals, "awful impurity," etc., assails us, for at least a week yearly by way of a Christmas-box on our unoffending ears. "Nice people," says Swift, "have uncommonly nasty ideas," and we are under the painful necessity of reminding the anti-Terentian morality-mongers, of Lord Byron's reply to a lady, who, passing certain undraped statues, hinted that they were very "improper." "The impropriety, madam," said he, "is in your own remark." Beyond doubt, the connection between Pamphilus and Glycerium, and that of Æschinus with Pamphila, are very improper. Of course, if virtue had its unrestrained way in this fie-fie world the little (straw) baby, instead of creating an explosion of mirth, would be left at Simo's door by the *personæ mutæ* as grave as undertakers,—actors and audience preserving an edifying gravity, and keeping their hands before their faces, till Glycerium is made a decent woman by churching, and the infant christened on the stage. They manage these things better in America. They drape their statues, and put trousers on the limbs—it is death to say "leg" of a table, or "leg" of chicken—of their tables; but we do not remember to have heard much about the purity of even school-boys, not to say young men in the States, nor is it generally believed that their sisters and female friends are wont to visit boyish immorality with the reprobation which it would meet on this side the Atlantic. Let us clear our minds of *cant*, as Dr. Johnson advised Boswell.

Will any one be bold enough to assert that Westminster men, either at school or college, are worse for having acted in or witnessed a play? If so, every grammar-school in England must be a hotbed of pollution, for are not Horace's moralities often questionable, and Juvenal's language somewhat strong for delicate stomachs, to say nothing of Ovid or Aristophanes. The fact is, that a boy rarely if ever is so depraved as to gloat over filthy passages or rake up dirty tales from his books; and it is only when he becomes a *blast*—not to say a loose-living—journalist, that he is so mightily anxious to protect juvenile morals.

We are sick and weary of these pedantic un-English crusades against the old customs, sanctioned by the practice of divines and laymen who have been the glories of our country for centuries. If we are to burn our classics, as Abbé Gaume advises us, let us know it at once; if not, why proscribe Terence alone? why offend a most influential class, and complete the ruin of a splendid school for a whim, a ridiculous and offensive prejudice? Dean Trench, as a Harrovian, may like his own school best; we are not the least surprised at that, but he has no business to use his position in the Chapter as nominee of the Crown, to the detriment of the school with which the Crown has nothing to do, and to the gratification of his own "feelings." Let Westminster men be the best judges what is good for Westminster. Unluckily Archdeacon Bentinck is too infirm to interfere in the matter, but the opinion of that munificent and noble-hearted man can be no secret to the Dean. Surely Dr. Trench cannot have forgotten the enthusiasm evoked last summer by that passage in the old Westminster report on the state of the school, which insisted that the play should be continued yearly—an enthusiasm which found vent in cheering that might have been heard in Broad Sanctuary. The echo of that cheer will be heard at Land's End and at John o'Groat's in case old Westminster take the matter in hand again, and we advise the Dean and Chapter, if they value their peace, not only to promise that in 1862 a play of Terence shall be performed as usual, but to inform the public that so far from suspending the play "for the death of the Duchess of Kent," they do it in honour of the Emperor Hein Fung, or Ranavola, the venerated Queen of Madagascar, both now recently deceased. The public will believe it quite as much, and the reason will be a more cogent one.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

PARIS.

No sooner is one enemy overthrown than a fresh enemy is sought, and the gods of antiquity did not make more tremendous havoc among their mortal foes than is made among the journalists of France by M. de Persigny. His hand is fiercely against them, and theirs would gladly be against him, if they only dared; but they do not, and they crouch meekly beneath the rod that chastises them, as if they really recognized in the Minister of a despotic sovereign a being of a superior order, and one not to be resisted. The onslaught upon the *Revue des Deux Mondes* is positively a political event, far beyond the ordinary importance of newspaper warnings. It is felt to be so on all sides; by those who suffer, and by those who cause the suffering. But Bonapartist flesh and blood could stand it no longer, and this time the Emperor himself was galled, and made the declaration of war in *propre personâ*, giving direct instructions to his Minister to "proceed."

This time the real offence is not "Orleanism,"—though Orleanism is the cloak for the whole—the real offence is a deeper one. For the last three or four months, the liberal *Revue* has been offending in a way that must, in the long run, be punished, because, in the long run, its result would be to strike at the very root of the Napoleonic dynasty. The real offence, therefore, was not, this time, the apparent one; and though the current number was "bad" enough, in an Imperialist sense, it was not for that number that the *Revue* has been chastised. This explains the story that is just now going about Paris, that M. Buloz, the editor of the *Revue*, when he heard what had befallen him, exclaimed, in the utmost perturbation of spirit: "But surely I have not been courageous; surely I have done nothing venturesome?"

No! M. Buloz may quiet his alarms; there was nothing very "courageous" in the present number of the *Revue des deux Mondes*, but there had latterly been that which could neither be forgiven, nor openly noticed—there had been Edgar Guinet's magnificent articles upon the campaign of 1815! About two years back, Colonel Charras, the Republican exile, published in Brussels two small volumes of inestimable worth upon the events of 1815 and the battle of Waterloo. Of course the work was severely prohibited, and so efficiently so, that perhaps not a dozen copies of it ever did get into circulation in France. It does tell the truth, and the whole truth, upon Napoleon and our own great Duke, and a finer portrait of the latter has, perhaps, never been drawn than by this most able and intelligent officer. Wherever military men of the present generation here can by any means obtain a copy of Charras's book, they do so, and absorb its contents greedily; but they all say it destroys all the *prestige* of the "uncle," and shows him terribly small by the side of Wellington.

This book Edgar Guinet undertook to review, and he has reviewed it with immense talent in three or four articles, which have produced a strong impression. It is for this the *Revue* has suffered; and it was impossible for the Government to avoid the cause of its displeasure. It is a delicate subject, this history of the old Emperor, and one on which there is a great deal to be remarked just now. When Louis Napoleon restored the Empire, he supposed it would be a wise thing to revive the traditions of the "great Emperor," and the order was given to rake up and publish every document of the time. But all told against them! Every scrap of original writing served to put the First Napoleon in a bad light, and held him up to horror as a cold-blooded tyrant, who would have sacrificed the whole human race to his selfish ambition. The correspondence with his brother Joseph first turned the current of public opinion against him; and then came an attempt too lightly made to print in the *Moniteur*, the entire map of military documents, *ordres du jour*, and what not, concerning the first campaign of Italy. It was not found possible to carry it on, however; it was absolutely "too bad," and had to be stopped,—which it was abruptly. But, from that moment, men's minds took to occupying themselves about the *reality* of the first Emperor; and the legend is likely to suffer considerably. Day after day the young "rising" men of France come into the field of public life with strange doubts about the modern Charlemagne; and, as "Eöthen" says, speaking of the scepticism of Lady Hester Stanhope's followers, "the religion of the place" is in danger. This is an extremely curious feature of the present time in France, and well worth attending to. Napoleonism is the official faith, everything is done to throw light upon the founder of the creed, and then it is found that neither he nor his deeds will stand the light; and whilst his family is restored to material power, he himself, the hero of so many mendacious bulletins, is being shorn of half the rays that were gathered round his head under the reign of adverse princes. I repeat, it is a very curious fact, and one which is not denied by staunch Bonapartists, but which puzzles them much.

The accounts in the *Moniteur* of the Prussian coronation *fêtes* shock well educated men here very much, for two reasons,—first, because the writers seem to revel in such pleasant surprise at the fact of M. de McMahon being so well received, and "spoken to familiarly by archdukes" (!), and next, because there is a most ill-advised effort to show off the French Ambassador at the expense, not only of his colleagues, but of the Court to which he is sent. A little incident *à propos* to this embassy may amuse your readers. A few days before starting, the Marshall found all his carriages with imperial arms on them, and imperial liveries were sent for his servants. He went to the Emperor straight, saying, "I am no Chamberlain. I am not of any household. I represent not your Majesty only, but France and also myself. I have liveries and arms of my own." After a little discussion (the Emperor being wholly in the wrong) all was settled, and the Marshall set out (very late) for Königsberg, not under the appearance of a "dignitaire d'antechambre," as Montalembert calls the gentry of the household.

In the world of art here, the "event" is the production of Gluck's "Alceste" at the Grand Opera. The success of "Orphée," last year at the Theatre Lyrique, was so immense that of course "More Gluck" was the instant cry, and the opera direction hastened to engage Madame Viardot, and beg of her to undertake the part of the great heroine of the classical lyric drama. This she has done, after seven or eight years' study of "Alceste" off the stage. The subject is too serious a one to enter upon at the end of a letter, for it involves more than one art-question of the highest and most delicate nature. I have only heard one performance of "Alceste," and do not feel justified in giving a definitive judgment. Madame Viardot was probably frightened at her *début* in so famous a work, but she certainly

did not seem to me improved since "Orphée." Her high notes are thinner, her low ones less sonorous, and the majesty of style of Alceste suits her, I suspect, far less than the passion of Orphée.

MEN OF MARK.—No. XXII.

WILLIAM HENRY SEWARD.

BEFORE the unhappy war now raging in the Disunited States of America shall be brought to a close, it is likely that but too many men of mark will appear on the scene, to claim and receive the attention of the world—men who will make their mark with the sword, and help to destroy the liberties of their country. Ere these inevitable men come uppermost in the struggle, let us devote a short space to the character and career of a man of intellectual mark—who belongs to a bygone era—but largely influences the policy and events of the present: Mr. W. H. Seward, Secretary of State under President Lincoln; the animating genius of the Cabinet, alike the brain and the tongue of the administration, and the foremost politician in America.

Many of our readers who remember the London season of 1859, and mixed in the fashionable and club life of the day, will perhaps be able to recall to mind Governor Seward, of New York, then making his second tour of Europe, after an interval of upwards of a quarter of a century. The Governor was a slight, wiry, little gentleman, with hair of iron grey, a keen eye, a large nose, significant, according to some theories, of a large brain, with a voluble tongue, a benign expression of countenance, and a *bonhomme* that was contagious to look at. The Governor dearly loved a talk, a joke, and a cigar, and had the happy knack of being perfectly at ease with all persons, and with all classes of society, and of putting others at as much ease as himself. In short, the Governor was a gentleman, plain in his manners, and without any kind of affectation; and took life and his fellow-creatures pleasantly, and made the best of them. Whether he discoursed on law or politics with Lord Lyndhurst, or Lord Chelmsford; or enlightened the understanding of the ladies of the aristocracy on the varying aspects of the slavery-question; whether he made one of a distinguished throng at the *levée* of Queen Victoria, or of a mixed crowd at the theatre or the Crystal Palace; or whether he investigated with some congenial cicerone the arcana of London life after midnight, the Governor was always pleasant, and as ready to receive as to impart information. But as he had not come to see England merely, though that was the first and dearest object which he had at heart, but Europe at large, his stay in London was briefer than his many friends desired; and he left us for France, Italy, Austria, and Russia, with a promise to return and make a longer sojourn among us on his way home.

The promise was not fulfilled. Events in his absence had been marching more rapidly in America than he anticipated when he left. The signs that the Republican party would carry their man at the approaching election for President became stronger every day. The Governor himself was named as a candidate, and as he seemed to have a fair chance (the name of Abraham Lincoln had not even been mentioned), he hastened home with all possible celerity, but only to find, as other great and illustrious Americans had found before him, that he was too honest and too decided a man to be available for the presidency. It was no sooner made certain, however, that Mr. Lincoln would be the new President, than North and South agreed with unprecedented unanimity that no other person than Mr. Seward could possibly receive the appointment of Secretary of State. Friends and foes (and no American politician ever had a greater number of foes in the South than he had, and has, owing to circumstances which will appear hereafter) were alike of this opinion, and the result speedily justified the anticipation.

Mr. Seward is descended on the paternal side from a Welsh family of the same name—one of whom emigrated from the old country in the reign of Queen Anne, and settled in Connecticut. A branch of the family removed from thence in 1740, and settled in Morris County, New Jersey. Mr. Seward's father, who was both a doctor of medicine and a merchant, having married an Irish girl of the name of Jennings, settled in the town of Florida, Orange County, in the State of New York, in 1795. Here, on the 16th of May, 1801, was born the subject of our notice. At the age of fifteen he entered Union College at Schenectady, where he remained for three years, and established such a reputation both among the pupils and the teachers, as led all who came into contact with him, to predict his future eminence in the councils of his country. In 1819, though his father had four years previously retired from business, with a very considerable fortune, he determined, with the "pluck," without which there can be no heroism or even greatness of character, to see a little of the world at his own expense, and hired himself as a teacher in the South—the only opportunity he ever had, or is likely to have, of studying the "peculiar institution." His uncompromising enmity to slavery dates from that early period in his career, and has since been intensified by study and experience, until the name of W. H. Seward has become, in the estimation of the whole South, that of the most formidable opponent which their cause ever had. Returning to college, he took the degree of M.A., and then entered the office of Mr. John Anthon, of New York, as a student of law. Completing his legal education with Messrs. Duer and Hoffman, of Goshen, he was admitted to the bar of the Supreme Court at Utica, in 1822.

In 1823, he removed to Auburn, where he still resides, and entered into partnership with the Hon. Elijah Miller, one of the most distinguished lawyers of the day, and First Judge of the county of Cayuga. In the following year he married the youngest daughter of that gentleman. The judge himself, desiring repose, left the whole business by degrees to his young partner and son-in-law, in whose hands, so far from suffering diminution, it rapidly extended; though the rules which he laid down for his guidance were not always of a nature to attract, but rather to repel it. However large the fee, he resolved not to advocate the cause that he believed, after study of its details, to be an unjust one; and, just or unjust, he would never appear for a man against a woman; and to these rules he has adhered with unflinching constancy through his whole professional career.

Rich, young, eloquent, and ambitious, it was not likely in such a country as the United States that he should not aspire to, and be welcomed into public life. His father was what is called a "Jeffersonian Democrat," and to that party Mr. Seward for a while attached himself. He speedily left it

however, on discovering that his genuine abhorrence of slavery would not allow him to work with it, or, in American phrase, "to stand upon its platform." He first had occasion to express his convictions on the subject, upwards of thirty years ago, during the protracted struggle that ensued on the claim of Missouri to be admitted into the Union. He declared that freedom was national and slavery sectional; and, declining to make himself an Abolitionist, proclaimed that the purpose of the Union was to establish the blessings of equality, justice, and humanity; not to enlarge the area of bondage and oppression. He has ever since held the same views, which he has laid down emphatically on several occasions. In a speech which he made in Congress in March, 1850, on the admission of California as a free State into the Union, is to be found the key-note of his whole policy on this subject:—

"I feel assured that slavery must give way, and will give way to the salutary instructions of economy, and to the ripening influence of humanity; that emancipation is inevitable and is near; that it may be hastened or hindered; and that, whether it be peaceful or violent, depends upon the question whether it be hastened or hindered; that all measures which fortify slavery or extend it tend to the consummation of violence; all that check its extension and abate its strength tend to its peaceful extirpation. But I will adopt none but lawful, constitutional, and peaceful means to secure even that end; and none such, can I, or will I forego. Nor do I know any important or responsible body that proposes to do more than this. No free State claims to extend its legislation into a slave State. None claims that Congress shall usurp power to abolish slavery in the slave States. None claims that any violent, unconstitutional, or unlawful measure shall be adopted. And, on the other hand, if we offer no scheme or plan for the adoption of the slave States, with the assent and co-operation of Congress, it is only because the slave States are unwilling as yet to receive such suggestions, or even to entertain the question of emancipation in any form."

These views Mr. Seward expressed on the "stump" and on the "platform" on all convenient occasions, without neglecting his business; and in 1830 he was rewarded by his party with a nomination to the Senate of his native State, gaining the election by a majority of 2,000 votes over his democratic opponent. He more than realized the expectations that had been formed of him, and became, in this limited sphere, the acknowledged leader of the Republican party. In 1834, after a short tour to Europe with his father in the preceding year, he was nominated as Governor of the State of New York, and defeated by a large majority. But he bore the reverse with equanimity, and resolved to bide his time for higher honours. For the next four years his name was kept prominently before the public; and in 1838 he was again nominated for Governor, the gravest charge brought against him by his opponents being the same which was once before brought against William Pitt—"the atrocious crime of being a young man." But though no man so young had ever before been Governor of New York, and though no member of the Whig or Republican party, old or young, had sat in the Governor's chair, Mr. Seward was elected, after a severe struggle, by a majority of 10,421.

As the Governor of a State larger than England and as popular as Scotland, Mr. Seward was so greatly in advance of his time and people, that his administration was anything but comfortable to himself or tranquillizing to the country. In his messages to both houses of his Parliament at Albany he took high ground on the subject of popular education, contending that the welfare of the State demanded the education of all its children, not as a matter of charity, but of justice and public safety. But as the children to be mostly benefited were those of the poor Irish Roman Catholic immigrants, of which there were upwards of 25,000 in the city of New York alone, prowling in the streets like the "City Arabs" of London, and receiving no education, unless in vice and crime, he managed to involve himself with the ultra-Protestant and Puritan party throughout the State, who resolved, as they have done elsewhere, either to proselytize such children, or to let them remain in their vice and ignorance. The Protestant cause was declared to be in danger; and the Protestant clergy, laity, and press, were all arrayed in vehement hostility to his proposed measure. The Governor was burnt in effigy in New York; and a war of invective, such as only the American press can indulge in, assailed not only his policy, but his person, and rendered his term of office a turbulent one. But the Governor, though he thus lost his chance of re-election, had the satisfaction, a few years later, of seeing the measure which he had advocated taken up by his successor. At the first session of the Legislature after his retirement from the chief magistrature, his plan for the education of children of all classes—not excluding those of foreigners (i.e., immigrants) and Roman Catholics—was adopted by decisive majorities; and has continued to work with the best effect from that time to the present, and with far more of gain than of loss to the Protestant cause in the State of New York.

But by far the most important event in the Governor's career arose out of the Canadian rebellion, of 1837, and at one time threatened to involve the United States and Great Britain in war. On the night of December 29th, 1837, an armed force from Canada crossed the Niagara river, above the Falls, attacked a party of American "sympathizers" and invaders on board the steam-boat *Caroline*, lying at anchor in the river, at a place called Schlosser; and having driven the crew and the sympathizers on shore, with the loss of one man, who was killed, towed the steamer into the middle of the current, set her on fire, and allowed her to drift flaming over the cataract—a spectacle of splendour which excited a feeling of vengeance on the American border that was not speedily allayed. Three years afterwards, during Mr. Seward's Governorship, a Canadian named Macleod, being in Niagara county in the State of New York, boasted in a tavern that he was one of the party which fired the *Caroline*. He was arrested on the charge of arson, committed to jail, and finally ordered for trial. Mr. Fox, the British Minister at Washington, immediately made a reclamation to Mr. Van Buren, at that time President of the United States, in which he insisted that the firing of the *Caroline* was an act of war, for which the British Government and no private individual was responsible; protested against the trial of Macleod, and demanded his immediate release. The President refused his assent to the position, and maintained that the act was a violation of the jurisdiction of the State of New York, to whose courts of law the matter was properly referred, and that the Federal Government could not interfere. But while the diplomatic correspondence on the subject was "dragging its slow length

along," Mr. Van Buren's term of office expired, and General Harrison came into power. The new President did not coincide in opinion with his predecessor, but held that Macleod could not legally be brought to trial for the alleged offence.

Governor Seward appeared to think that the dignity and independence of his native State were quite as much involved as those of the British Government, and resolved that the trial should proceed, notwithstanding an intimation from Mr. Fox that Great Britain would treat the condemnation and execution of Macleod as an act of war. Mr. Crittenden, the Attorney-General, was despatched by the Federal Government to Niagara county, to appear on behalf of Macleod, and to urge upon Governor Seward the entering of a *nolle prosequi*; but the Governor maintained his point. Although his own Government and that of Great Britain were decidedly against him, he made up his mind that the law of New York should take its course; and in this incident, and the animosities which it excited, the impression first originated that Mr. Seward, as a statesman, is hostile to British interests, and shares the prejudices of the Irish party in America against the "mother country." But those who know Mr. Seward best, know that he has no such feeling; and even in this threatening conjunction of affairs, his legal acumen—or dexterity, whichever it may be called—discovered a means of honourable extrication for the two great Powers, as well as for that minor Power of New York, whose dignity and honour he felt to be in his keeping.

He pointed out to the Attorney-General that the British Government only made the conviction and execution of Macleod a *casus belli*; and that he, as Governor, had the power of life and death in his hands. In the first place, he said, it was not likely that Macleod would be convicted, as there was no legal proof whatever that he had been on the American side of the river on the night of the firing of the *Caroline*; and, in the second place, if he were convicted, he could not be executed without the consent of the Governor; and, inasmuch as both Governments agreed that his conviction would be an infringement of international law, he should feel bound to release the prisoner from his sentence, however much he might differ from that opinion. The trial accordingly proceeded amid great excitement all over the Union. Governor Seward was not spared by the friends of peace, who did not know the means of extrication from the dilemma which his ingenuity had prepared. The result was as Mr. Seward foresaw. After a long and patient trial at Utica, Macleod was acquitted for want of evidence that he was in any way concerned in the outrage; and he was forthwith sent into British territory under an escort from the Governor, and safely delivered on the Canadian side of the Niagara.

Mr. Seward retired from the governorship of New York on the 1st of January, 1843, and immediately returned to Auburn to the practice of his profession. For six years he mixed but little in political strife, but made for himself the greatest and most lucrative practice in America, in patent cases. All who have travelled in America will readily understand what a rich mine of litigation such cases afford, in a country where inventors and patentees are so many and so ingenious, and where they are so extremely jealous of the slightest infringement upon their rights. During this interval his fame and his fortune were both on the increase, and in February, 1849, he was elected to a higher position than he had ever before occupied, and was nominated to Congress as senator for New York. He had hitherto appeared only on the local stage, but he now prepared to play his part on the greater arena of Washington, where he speedily rendered himself conspicuous by his powerful eloquence and close reasoning on the subject of slavery, earning for himself an amount of hatred on the part of the slave owners much greater than they entertain for any other member of the Senate or House of Representatives—not even excepting Mr. Charles Sumner.

The latter was considered a fanatic, but Mr. Seward was regarded as a cool, wary, and insidious foe, who could neither be laughed at, coerced, nor answered, and whose logical dexterity and power of words were continual thorns in their sides, and drops of bitterness in their cup. It was Mr. Seward who, on the proposed admission of California as a free state, made use of the memorable expression, that slavery offended a "HIGHER LAW" than the Constitution of the United States, which tolerated it; and it was he also who, on another occasion, spoke of the animosity between the Slave States and the Free—between the South and the North—as an "IRREPRESSIBLE CONFLICT." Little did he know, at the time, how soon his words would be realized—as little, doubtless, as he or any other man can know what the issues of the mighty strife are to be; though, like most men, he must but fear, that whatever things may remain after the battle, the liberty of the people is not likely to be of the number.

Such is Mr. Lincoln's Secretary of State, or Prime Minister—if such a term can be applied under a form of government, where the chief of the executive is his own prime minister. In public life he is as austere and unbending as Cato; and in a country where political jobbery and corruption are the rule of public life, he is as free of taint as Aristides. In private life he is frank, hearty, convivial, and fond of fun; and no man in America enjoys a joke more, or makes a better one. In his senatorial speeches he is somewhat long-winded; and for splitting of logical straws into ten thousand splinters, and having something to say upon every one of them, he is only equalled by Mr. Gladstone. One trait of Mr. Seward's character we must not omit to mention. Compelled for certain months of the year to remain in Washington—where slavery is allowed—he will not allow a slave to wait upon him. European girls serve at his dinner table; and when the Governor takes a carriage airing, none but a free negro can have the honour of driving him.

GOOD ADVICE.—A few weeks ago a young foreigner made himself remarkable at one of the *rouge-et-noir* tables, in Baden Baden, by his reckless and desperate gambling. For many hours in succession he had invariably lost upon every point on which he had ventured. At length, taking a single golden Napoleon between his finger and thumb, he showed it to the croupier. "Here," said he, "is the last piece of gold of which I am now the owner. Where, my friend, would you advise me to put it?" "Monsieur," replied the croupier, "as you ask my opinion, and appeal to me as a friend, and tell me that it is your last Napoleon, my advice to you is to put it—in your pocket."

MUSIC OF THE WEEK.

If the Lessees of the Royal English Opera, Covent-garden, had only thought of adopting the novel idea of Herr Mann's, to try a new composition during the "entractes" of the performance, they would have escaped from the necessity of announcing "that in consequence of the rehearsal of Mr. Howard Glover's Opera, 'Ruy Blas,' not being in such a state of completeness as would justify the first representation of a new work; the season which was to have been opened on Monday last would not commence until the 24th inst." Who knows whether the audience would have objected? Suppose they had shown a slight disinclination to hear the opera twice over in one evening; might it not reasonably be suggested, that the system of "encores" amounts to precisely the same thing? Or, might not another experiment have been made, by politely requesting those who were unwilling to remain, to be good enough to take a short walk and return in an hour's time? However, the composer and the conductor thought differently, it appears; they felt the impolicy as well as the impropriety of the act, and preferred rather to disappoint than to offend the public. We agree with them, although, for our part, we much regret the circumstance, inasmuch as it has prevented us from laying before our readers an account of the new opera in the present publication of our paper. We shall, however, return to the subject, and meanwhile proceed to say a few words on the performance of "Il Trovatore," which took place at the Lyceum Theatre on Saturday last, "for one night only," with the following performers: Madlle. Tietjens and Madame Caradori. Signori Giuglini, Bossi, and Ferri, who made his first appearance in this country.

Luckily, it was for one night only; for had there been many such performances as the one in question, we much doubt whether the public could have been induced to honour the theatre a second time with their presence. We do not, of course, allude to the Leonora and the Manrico of the evening; both have long been deemed worthy of the reputation and favour they enjoy. Our words principally apply to the representatives of Azucena and Il Conte di Luna. What Madame Caradori may have been in days gone by, we are not in a position to know; for small parts she may yet prove useful, but the rôle of the Gipsy is undoubtedly beyond her reach. Her voice, besides being harsh and dry, is so limited in range, that the lower notes are inaudible, and the higher ones produced with great effort. Worse than this, is the uncertainty of intonation, which at times goes far to endanger the entire effect of the concerted pieces. Neither does Madame Caradori possess the requisite qualities as an actress for the proper impersonation of so difficult and ungrateful a part as that of Azucena—a part that taxes even the powers of an Alboni or a Nantier-Didée. Of Signor Ferri, we regret to be obliged to speak with the same unshrinking candour. His is another example of what singers come to who abandon the legitimate school of singing for the modern system of "shouting." Signor Ferri probably owes his success to Signor Verdi; but we fear he will have to thank him too for his failure. Originally gifted with a sonorous baritone voice, by no means wanting in taste and sentiment, —as was proved in the aria of "Il Balen del Suo Sorriso"—apparently well versed in the various branches of his art, he yet, by this one fault of shouting, fails not only to enlist the sympathy of the audience, but rather succeeds in calling forth strong signs of disapproval. The habit of straining the voice beyond its natural limits, has weakened it to such a degree, that it is no longer under control. What is the result? Every note becomes a shake through the incessant "vibrato," which is either a defect or a weakness. Owing to this the intonation suffers materially, as instead of one note two or three are distinctly audible.

We are quite aware that other singers, even of repute, indulge in the same failing, but we never heard it carried to such an excess, and think the example of Signor Ferri may prove a warning to those who have fallen into the same error. Signor Bossi, of whom we have spoken on a former occasion, in the small part of *Ferrando*, was all that could be desired. We shall not dwell upon the general execution of an opera so hacknied as "Il Trovatore." It would be strange indeed if, by this time, there were much room left for criticism. We cannot, however, forbear remarking, that Signor Arditi appears to us to share the fault of other conductors, in taking the movements at such a speed, that it becomes utterly impossible for the orchestra to play the notes, or for the chorus to articulate the words. The former scramble through their parts anyhow, while the latter are compelled to drop the text, and substitute a mysterious jargon, which but too often degenerates into a mere la, la, la. Moreover, hurrying the time is seldom attended with good results; and in Signor Verdi's music it has the additional disadvantage of rendering his common themes yet more trivial and commonplace. Madlle. Tietjens strenuously exerted herself to atone for the other shortcomings in the opera. During the early part of the evening, her voice did not appear to us to be in good order, but the huskiness having gradually subsided, she sang the rest of the music with much vigour and brilliancy, and was well supported by Signor Guiglini, who in his *Romanza*, in the third act, and the famous "Miserere," obtained considerable applause, and was of course honoured with an "encore."

The great event of the week was, undoubtedly, the performance of "Elijah," at Exeter Hall, in which Madame Jenny Lind-Goldschmidt, after an absence of several years, re-appeared in public. As usual, the Swedish songstress has left her retirement to assist in a good cause, the concert having taken place in aid of the funds for completing a church and enlarging the industrial institutions in the Victoria Dock district. Having once broken a long-continued silence, she has determined not to limit the favour to the metropolis only, but to visit the principal towns of the United Kingdom, in the company of Herr Goldschmidt, Mr. Sims Reeves, Signor Belletti, Signor Piatti, and others. That her return to active life will be hailed everywhere with the most lively satisfaction, and her performances create the same enthusiasm as heretofore, is beyond all doubt; but nowhere, we venture to say, will she be treated with more cordiality and more heartfelt sympathy than in London. The fact that Madame Goldschmidt, after having travelled over various parts of the globe, after being loaded with honours and distinctions of all kinds, and by all nations, should have fixed her abode among us in preference to her native country, to Germany, the land of music, and America, the "ci-devant" home of liberty, is certainly very flattering to us as a nation. She has won the hearts of the British public, and achieved a lasting popularity, no less by her private worth than by her genius and great accomplishments. Whenever there was a good work to be done,

Jenny Lind held out a helping hand. No wonder, then, that the news of her resuming for a while her professional career should have created the greatest sensation amongst all classes of society, and formed the subject of conversation in all musical circles, for some time past. When the day of the concert drew near, the most fabulous prices were offered for admission; amusing letters appeared in the *Times*, complaining of the scarcity of room, and entreating the ladies to leave their "hoops" at home, which called forth a humorous reply from an indignant lady "in a cage," who gave vent to her wrath by ordering an extra "crinoline," and paying an extra half-guinea for her ticket; in short, all the symptoms of the old Lind fever began to show themselves, growing in intensity until within the very hour of the commencement of the concert.

But the remedy was close at hand. Precisely at the time appointed, the principal singers, who took part in the performance, Miss Palmer, Miss Susannah Cole, Miss Eyles, accompanied by their respective "cavaliers," Messrs. Sims Reeves, Cummings, Distin, Lawler, and Weiss, entered the orchestra, and, after having been warmly welcomed by the audience, took their places. The most enthusiastic applause was, however, reserved for the heroine of the evening, who became the subject of a perfect ovation, when, with her husband, she appeared before the audience, turning right and left, to express her acknowledgments to the vast crowd assembled. At last the excitement subsided, and the performance was allowed to begin. We do not intend, on the present occasion, to dilate upon the acknowledged beauties of a work which, thanks to the "Sacred Harmonic Society," has become as widely known and as highly appreciated as the "Messiah," or the "Creation;" nor shall we point to the great merits of performers, who have long since won golden opinions from various audiences, in the same oratorio and in the same place. Suffice it to say, we do not remember having heard either of the singers to such uniform perfection, while all seemed equally determined to do honour to Mendelssohn's masterpiece, and anxious to prove themselves worthy of being associated with so gifted and honoured an artist as Madame Jenny Lind-Goldschmidt.

No one, we think, will find fault with "the Swedish Nightingale" for having chosen "Elijah" as the means of once more proclaiming her undisputed right to that fanciful title; but, on the other hand, few will maintain that this great work is particularly suited to exhibit her genius and talent as a singer in the strongest light. Beyond a recitative and air in the first, and the air "Hear ye, Israel," in the second part, there are few opportunities in "Elijah" for remarkable distinction. True, we have the double quartet, "For He shall give His angels charge," the quartet "Cast thy burden upon the Lord," the trio "Lift thine eyes," and last, not least, the magnificent quartets "Holy, holy, holy is God the Lord," and "O! come every one that thirsteth;" but the soprano part in these various pieces has nothing, or should have nothing to single it out from the others. We confess, however, that in the hands of Jenny Lind, every note has a meaning, every bar its importance, and every word becomes significant. It is this, which, in our opinion, has distinguished her from her contemporaries, and raised her far above her rivals. In voice, in musical accomplishments she has had her equals, and perhaps her superiors; not so, however, in the expression of deep sentiment and pathos. It is the mind and soul which she infuses into the music that entrances her hearers, and carries them along with her. Jenny Lind thinks and feels whilst she is singing! For her, notes are only the means, not the end. What avail voice and looks, manner and art, when the mind cannot conceive, and the heart does not feel that which the music is meant to convey? Herein lies her supremacy; herein does she display her genius. It is this which has made her great and renowned. Music is poetry. She knows and feels this; hence her power. It would be going beyond the truth to say that her voice has lost none of its former freshness and charm. It appeared to us less ringing in quality and less elastic, whilst the higher notes are produced with more apparent effort. Whether this may have arisen from being unaccustomed to so large an arena, from too long a rest, or a desire to give particular emphasis to the music, we are unable to decide. In other respects no deterioration is perceptible. Nothing could possibly surpass her splendid declamation of the first recitative, "Help me, man of God;" nor be more touching and heartfelt than the reading of the words, "My son is sick, I go mourning all day long; I lie down and weep at night." "Hear ye, Israel," was likewise beyond reproach—full of religious fervour and warmth of expression. Here and there we could have wished for a little more repose, a more subdued energy—but this may be a matter of opinion. The charming trio, "Lift thine eyes," did not fail to produce its wonted impression; the voices of Misses Cole and Palmer blending well with that of Madame Goldschmidt. An inevitable "encore" was the result, to the evident injury of the succeeding chorus.

But, perhaps, the gem of the evening was the quartet "Holy, holy, holy is God." Every word, every note of this glorious inspiration told upon the spell-bound listeners, and created an extraordinary sensation, whilst the concluding quartet, "O come every one that thirsteth," though beautifully sung, was robbed of half its effect in consequence of the audience beginning to leave the room, evidently more anxious to reach their homes than to do justice to the artist, who had again given proofs of her liberality and charitable disposition, and exerted herself to the utmost, to render the performance worthy of their patronage and support.

We need not mention that both Madame Goldschmidt and her husband were enthusiastically cheered on quitting the orchestra; and we now bring this notice to a close with giving a word of praise to Herr Goldschmidt for the very able manner in which he conducted so difficult an oratorio as "Elijah," and in stating that the principal singers, orchestra, and chorus, combined their talents most efficiently to present the public with Mendelssohn's immortal work in all its noble grandeur.

MUSICAL INTELLIGENCE.

THE "Musical Society of London" will give four orchestral concerts during the ensuing season, on the following Wednesday evenings:—March 12, April 30, May 21, and June 11, 1862.

The Fourth Season of the "Monday Popular Concerts" will commence on the 18th of November. It is said that M. Vieuxtemps will appear at the first concert. Herr Joachim is also expected.

Herr Pauer, the pianist and composer, advertises six performances of pianoforte music at M. Roche's Ladies' Educational Institute, Somerset-street, Portman-square. The best compositions of all countries and styles from the seventeenth century till the present day will be introduced in chronological order.

We regret to learn that M. Meyerbeer, who was to have conducted the "Coronation March," composed by him expressly for the coronation of the King of Prussia, was unable to leave Berlin on account of severe indisposition.

A new opera by Herr Ferdinand Hiller, entitled "Die Catacomben," will be brought out at Wiesbaden during the winter season.

Herr Kücken, the well known composer of German songs, has resigned his appointment as "Kapellmeister" to the King of Wurtemberg. His place will be taken by Herr Carl Eckert, formerly conductor of the opera at Vienna.

Franz Liszt has definitively left Weimar.

The first performance of "Tristan and Isolde," the new opera by Herr Richard Wagner, has been postponed, on account of the protracted illness of Herr Ander. The celebrated composer has left Vienna, and will not return to superintend the production of his new opera until after the entire recovery of the German tenor. "Apropos" of Wagner it may interest our readers to know that "Frau Jachmann Wagner," known in England as Madlle. Johanna Wagner, the much coveted and contested "Prima Donna," has said "Adieu" to the operatic stage, and become a "tragédienne." She made her first appearance in that capacity a short time since at the Court Theatre, at Berlin, in Goethe's "Iphigenie." The anxiety of the public to be present at the performance was so great, that the most exorbitant prices were paid for admission. The German critics speak in a flattering manner of her talent as an actress, but find fault with her declamation, which, it seems, has occasionally too much of the singing character.

Frenchmen are generally no great linguists, but M. Roger, for many years first tenor at the Grand Opera, in Paris, and at present holding the same engagement at the Opera Comique, is, it appears, an exception to the rule. At a recent concert held there he sang in not less than five languages, French, German, English, Italian, and Spanish. "When other hearts and other lips," by Balfe, was the "Ballad Anglaise" chosen for the occasion. A witty critic remarks, that M. Roger possibly speculates upon the chance of being appointed to the vacant chair of Professor of Modern Languages at the "Collège de France."

M. FECHTER'S "OTHELLO."

To follow up a success of any kind, is a greater trial of talent than to win it. Merely to keep the ground gained, is not enough; there must be a second decided achievement, to prevent the world from concluding that the first was something of an accident,—a lucky hit that did not prove a permanent power. The reputation of "single speech" Hamilton is rather inglorious; and Sheridan was for several years afraid to risk, by a second comedy, the fame he acquired by the "School for Scandal." M. Fechter's *Hamlet* was a surprising theatrical success: it was singular, it was novel, and, better than all, it drew. He might have reaped a golden harvest in the provinces by only repeating his London performance. But he courageously determined to follow up his *Hamlet* by *Othello*; and the question in dramatic circles was, whether he would confirm and increase his reputation, or undo it?

Having given a full-dress rehearsal of the tragedy on Tuesday evening, before a select audience, he played the part of the Moor to a crowded house, on Wednesday. The usual mode of criticising a new *Othello* would be to say a great deal of the *Othello* himself, with a good word or two for the Iago and Cassio, and there end. But M. Fechter, as the stage manager, is his own rival as the mere actor, and the manner in which he has changed the whole "business" of the play, compels us to give the first place to the innovations he has introduced in contempt of all traditions. He has endeavoured to draw out of the poet's text, and at need to add to it, as much stage effect as possible. He has taken up the play as if he had received it in manuscript, and asked himself what is the utmost that can be got out of every scene? The groupings are more picturesque, the whole action more easy and varied, the "effects" more numerous; some, for the moment, more striking than we have been accustomed to see. But for the *Othello* himself, the changes are not entirely favourable. What the whole picture gains in life and colour, the central figure loses in prominence, and M. Fechter, to use an old classic illustration, is almost crushed under the weight of his own ornaments.

He does not stand out from the rest of the characters so prominently in "Othello" as he did in "Hamlet." The reason is obvious enough. A good deal of the part of *Hamlet* is written in prose; and he has many scenes that partake more of high comedy than of tragedy; the poetry of his soliloquies is more contemplative than passionate; and finally, there is no second character in the play to divide the interest and dispute his supremacy. *Hamlet* stands alone; but it is a doubtful point whether Iago is not really the leading character in "Othello;" and unless the Moor can rise to the full power, the beautiful poetry, the passion and pathos of the text, he will be overshadowed by the intellectual villain to whom he falls a victim. All that M. Fechter can express by action and gesture is admirable; in the level passages of the dialogue, his foreign accent may pass, or be but a minor objection. But he cannot bring out the music of the language, nor the passion of the verse. Even the calm narration, only slightly tinged with sarcasm, of the address to the Senators, falls lamely on the ear. It is intelligently given; but there are a dozen English actors who would do it better.

Throughout the greater speeches, M. Fechter is evidently thinking so much of his pronunciation, that the spirit of the text seems to escape him; most certainly it escapes the audience. While he was often applauded for his action—that is, the capital by-play that accompanied the words—their poetry fell flat. M. Fechter's pantomime is so good, that it is a kind of balm when he fails to follow it up by expression and feeling in the words, and the result is unsatisfactory. This gave Mr. Ryder, as *Iago*, a great advantage; and, as if put on his metal, he threw more animation and life into the part than we thought he possessed. He has gained much by adopting what

we presume are M. Fechter's improvements of the action. The walk down to the footlights, and the old crossings in front during the dialogue, are abolished. The furniture on the stage is turned to use, and the characters sit easily while they converse; much awkwardness is thus got rid of. With one exception, but that is a large one, we think the changes in the business of the stage are improvements. That exception is the whole of the last act, which M. Fechter has misconceived and—vulgarised.

It is overdone; the changes are a great deal too clever, and more is forced out of the text than it is evident Shakspeare meant. Nothing can be grander than the simple entrance of *Othello* with the lamp, and the beautiful speech it so naturally suggests. The action throughout the scene is at best painful; and Macready showed truer artistic taste, in subduing it as much as possible. M. Fechter has exaggerated all the most repulsive features of it, and lowered the tragic interest to the "reality" required in a *Porte St. Martin* melo-drama. There are two additions to the action that are useless, for they do not increase the effect; and one perversion of the text that, if repeated, will be ludicrous. When *Othello* approaches the couch (turned into a flagrantly-gilded four-poster), he finds a small hand-mirror lying on it, which, at the words, "it is the cause, it is the cause, my soul!" he throws out of the open window.

The effect was exactly as if he had sat down on a hair brush, and finding it uncomfortable, had flung it away with a very husbandlike interjection! Luckily, most of the audience did not remark this extraordinary bit of business; we should advise its suppression. We supposed it to convey some intimation that woman's vanity was at the bottom of all the mischief; but it is one of the novelties that are too clever by far; nor is it necessary that *Desdemona*, in the short dialogue that precedes the murder, should descend from the base, and go through a struggle on the floor. It degraded the scene to the conflict of a Surrey "heroine of the domestic drama," with the profligate baronet. The whole of this incident was in detestable taste, a thorough mistake. As a climax, *Othello* after the fine speech, "I have done the State some service," seizes Iago, as if he was the "circumcised dog" he was about to "smite," forces him on his knees, then turns his dagger on himself, leaving Iago in a most absurd position when the curtain falls.

All this is peurile; and the sooner the whole of the act is "reformed" back to the accepted version of it the better. With this exception, in which M. Fechter's artistic perception seems to have deserted him, the tragedy has gained in all that is addressed to the eye; the ear misses much of the beauty of the language; and of the "emotions of pity and terror," as far as the *Othello* would produce them, the heart of the spectator feels very little. The additions being material, and the deficiencies intellectual, it is very likely the play will attract. The public taste runs in the direction of physical achievement; it has thronged for some three hundred nights to see Mr. Bourcicault jump head first down a stage trap. Had he gone feet first, the piece would have had no such intense interest. And if expressive action makes the poetical drama, there is no reason why M. Fechter's grand, serious pantomime in "Othello" should not be a success.

Reviews of Books.

THE SECRET HISTORY OF THE COURT OF FRANCE UNDER LOUIS XV.*

THE book before us has every fault that a book can have, without one redeeming quality. It is written in a heavy style; it is full of incorrectnesses both of expression and grammar; what is worse still, it breathes throughout a thoroughly unpatriotic, un-English feeling; and what is worst of all, it is a deliberate panegyric on the foulest profligacy, a laboured (not apology for, but) glorification of the most detestable and contemptible of those notorious women who, as kings' mistresses, brought so much scandal on the Court of France; who by the ostentation with which they paraded their position, did such incalculable harm to the morality of the whole nation; and, by the contempt which they inspired among thinking people of all classes for the monarchy itself, as represented in the person of the monarch whom they degraded, contributed in no slight nor unimportant degree to that terrible revolution from the effects of which the kingdom has not yet recovered, and probably never will recover. Even the claim of novelty and originality in the materials on which they are founded, to which the volumes before us lay claim, is one to which they are entitled but to a very scanty extent; a great portion of the letters which are given having been already published in the "Anecdotes de la Cour de France," and other works of a similar kind, and being quoted by Sismondi in his History.

Dr. Challice's reason for undertaking the compilation of this work from "rare and unpublished documents," he states to be, that "the general English reader has but little opportunity to make this research for himself, however great his love of justice; neither has he leisure" (Pref., v.). We shall find before we have done with him that Dr. Challice presumes a little too boldly on people not having leisure to examine even ordinary published books. We will, however, leave the Preface and proceed to the body of the work.

We accuse Dr. Challice of offences so much more serious than the worst incorrectness of expression or grammar, that we will only give one or two instances of such faults as tell against him only as a writer and not as a man. At Vol. II., p. 20, we are told of "artists who enjoyed to hunt the stag;" at p. 106 we find "none can dissimulate the armaments of France;" at p. 158 we read of an event "that shocked public attention from news of the camp to that of the court." We will proceed to heavier charges. We accuse Dr. Challice of an unpatriotic, un-English spirit. We will refer, in support of this heavy charge, to his account of some of the warlike operations of Louis's reign. Madame d'Etioles (she was not yet known by the title of De Pompadour) had accompanied the king to the army with which Saxe was besieging Tournay; and therefore we have seventeen pages devoted to the account of the battle of Fontenoy, in which the "victory" and triumph of the French are dwelt on in every variety of phrase.

* The Secret History of the Court of France under Louis XV. Edited from Rare and Unpublished Documents by Dr. Challice. London: Hurst & Blackett.

A letter is quoted from the Dauphin stating the loss of the allied army at 15,000 men (the real number of killed, wounded, and missing, having been 6,000, as, indeed, is confessed in another place), and giving 2,000 as the amount of the French loss, though Dr. Challice might have learnt from Sismondi that the French themselves did not reduce it below 5,000 men. Nor is one word said of the great disparity of numbers—the French army amounting to about 75,000 men, while that of the allies scarcely reached 50,000; nor of the gallant steadiness with which the British Prince drew off his army, showing so bold a face that Saxe, though victorious, did not dare to follow up the advantage which he had gained. In a similar spirit Dr. Challice records the repulse of an English detachment under the command of General Bligh and Commodore Howe, at St. Cast, which he magnifies into a loss of 700 prisoners and 4,000 dead, returning to it again and again as “Lord Howe’s Brittany defeat;” the real fact being, as related by Sismondi (c. 53, in fin.), that the English, with the small force under Bligh and Howe, made a descent on St. Malo, where they destroyed vessels and marine stores to the value of half a million of money; that they did still greater damage at Cherbourg, without meeting even the slightest resistance; but that, making a third descent at St. Cast, where the Duc d’Aiguillon, Governor of Brittany, had had time to assemble a tolerable force before their arrival, they were forced to re-embark, leaving behind them “many dead, and 500 or 600 prisoners.” Sismondi adds, “This trifling success could not efface the profound sense of humiliation which this campaign had left throughout France.”

But such a reflection did not suit our English writer, whose object was to show the great glories France achieved under the disinterested sway of Madame de Pompadour. With this specimen before us we can hardly be surprised at the Pæan the Doctor sings over the capture of Minorca, and “Galissonière’s triumph;” and at the joy with which he relates that “the proverb” (at the Court of France, we presume) “was, the soldiers of Richelieu had seen the English sailors fly.” Nor is the Doctor content with this exultation over what he considers the disgrace of his countrymen, without sneering at “an English historian, Sir E. Cust,” for “attributing De Richelieu’s Minorca appointment to Madame de Pompadour’s ill-will against him.” Had Dr. Challice been as diligent in investigating works of the highest historical authority, as in examining “rare and unpublished documents,” he would have known that the statement which offends him was not Sir E. Cust’s but Sismondi’s; the words of that most patient, accurate, and impartial historian being:—“Madame de Pompadour, tout comme d’Argenson, Ministre de la Guerre, ne furent pas fâchés de mettre ce courtisan en évidence, dans l’attente de le voir se perdre par ses fautes.” Is not our charge made out that this Doctor displays an un-English, unpatriotic spirit? We do not deny that the French gained the day at Fontenoy, repelled a detachment of our troops at St. Cast, or recovered Minorca. In the long series of our countless victories we can afford to confess, with a good grace, two or three discomfitures,—not one of which fixed any disgrace on English courage or English honour. It would not be the part of brave enemies to deny or disparage the splendid achievements of Saxe; to grudge the praise of foresight and gallantry to d’Aiguillon; or to refuse Galissonière his meed of well-earned praise as almost the only French admiral who ever engaged an English fleet, and returned home a freeman in a French ship to relate the issue of the conflict; but the spirit which frankly admits the occasional success of a brave foe, is very different from that which triumphs in the proclamation of it, and suppresses all mention of infinitely more splendid achievements performed by one’s own countrymen. Why, when Fontenoy and Minorca are thus dilated on, has not this gentleman, so anxious “to avoid the charge of partiality” (Pref., vi.), made some small allusion to the achievements of Coote in the eastern hemisphere; and of Wolfe in the western; to the defeats of Lally and Montcalm,—events which took place while his heroine swayed the councils of France just as much as Fontenoy or Minorca.

However, as the chief infamy of the book consists in its defence of, and panegyrics on, Madame de Pompadour; and as we wish to get rid of our disagreeable task as speedily as may be we will proceed at once to the statements we find in it respecting her; and compare them with those made by the best French historians. Dr. Challice is no half-and-half advocate; he begins with her birth, and denies that her father was a butcher, a report which he attributes to “the subsequent unphilosophic spite of Voltaire.” Sismondi was not a man to trust implicitly to any single authority, and least of all to such an one as the Ferney patriarch; but he tells us not only that her father, whose name was Poisson, had been a butcher, but he gives us the details of his business; he had been “boucher des Invalides,” and a bankrupt butcher too. Butcher’s daughter or not, she was married to a contractor of the name of D’Etiolles. He was rich. Being rich he was not without a certain power and influence, but such as he possessed did not suffice to content his wife who was ambitious, and whose ambition was not impeded by any particular scruples of either decency or delicacy. The king had no need of any blandishments or art to seduce her; the moment that his previous mistress, Madame de Chateauroux, died, she set herself to work to seduce his majesty. Even Dr. Challice admits this, with the addition that she had the consideration to announce her design to her husband. The Doctor attempts to whiten her a little by blackening her husband as conniving at, and profiting by, his dishonour; but on this point, too, he is refuted by Sismondi, who relates M. d’Etiolles’ refusal, at her death, to accept the least portion of the vast wealth which she left behind her. Vast it must have been, for her rapacity exceeded all precedent, and almost all belief. Dr. Challice dwells incessantly on her disinterestedness; Sismondi enumerates grants which she procured in the first year and a half of her residence at court, amounting to the enormous sum of 9,000 louis a year, and upwards of 100,000 more in ready money. Nor was she satisfied even then; for, when the kingdom was so wholly exhausted, that “the Comptroller-general, Orry, affirmed that he did not know where to find any more money;” when the Intendants in some provinces declared their inability to raise troops for want of funds; and those of others reported the approach of famine itself from the same cause, “Madame de Pompadour never forgave Orry for raising obstacles to her demands, and never rested till she had procured

his dismissal” (Sism. c. 51, an. 1747). Not one word, however, about her rapacity is to be found in Dr. Challice’s volumes; his invariable language is that of highflown eulogy. She is the king’s “best friend, and the most trustworthy adviser for his welfare, and the glory of his nation” (II. 39). And the queen, a lady whose virtue and purity throw out the only rays of light which fall upon this degraded court, is blamed for resisting the grant of the highest honours of the palace to this shameless harpy; honours which would have entitled her to be seated in the queen’s presence, and to receive kisses from her and the princesses of the blood royal; and her majesty’s resistance is imputed to the partisan zeal of “her spiritual advisers” (ib). It is quite in character with Dr. Challice’s appreciation of the queen’s conduct, that, in relating the occurrence of Madame de Pompadour’s husband once going to the opera when she was there, he quotes with approval the language of some one whom he calls an eye-witness, applauding her for the firmness with which she bore “the insult!” (II. 50, note).

We have seen how Dr. Challice crowns over the slightest French victory, attributing a full share of the credit to the lady whom he holds up as the model and inspirer of all the virtue of France during her time. It is curious to see how he gets over a defeat, which, till he wrote, has not usually been considered a trifling one. There was a place called Rosbach, at which the Prince de Soubise, who had earned the lady’s favour by means which we will presently explain, had collected an army of about 60,000 men. Frederic of Prussia was in front of them with a force scarcely equal to one third of that number; in fact, so vast was the disproportion that Soubise, who, if he had neither skill, nor energy, nor even much courage, had plenty of vanity and self-confidence, sent off a courier the day before the battle to announce the completeness of the victory which he designed to reap, and his intention to make prisoners of the King and his whole army. When the day of battle came, he was one of the first to be seized with a panic and run away, his terror communicated itself to his army, which ran away too; so instant and universal was their flight, that there was not even time for the main body of the Prussians to join in the combat. It scarcely lasted an hour. Frederic’s whole loss in killed and wounded was barely 500 men, while he took nearly fifteen times that number of prisoners, and all the French artillery and baggage. Dr. Challice begins by almost doubling the numbers of the Prussian army. “Thought Frederic to himself, I have but 38,000 men” (II., 219). Again, we must refer to Sismondi, who tells us, “The King of Prussia had under his orders only 20,000 men” (c. 53). Then we are told, “The French declared it was a victory unworthy of King Frederic” (II., 220). And a letter is quoted which the great lady addressed to the runaway general, in which she deplores and condemns the mistaken indignation of the Parisians, who “had committed a thousand indignities at the gate of his house,” and invites him to return, “and prove before all France that he had done the duty of a good general at Rosbach, and that his defeat had been the fault of fortune, and not his own. She would welcome him with all her heart” (II., 222). It will teach us to estimate the value of Dr. Challice’s admiration for Madame de Pompadour, if we stop for a moment to examine the means by which Soubise had established such a hold upon the lady’s good will. We have mentioned the refusal of the Queen to grant her the honours of the *tabouret*; unluckily Marie Leczinska had grounded the refusal on the fact of her persisting in her separation from her husband. But this resistance of her Majesty it was resolved to overbear, and, after many expedients had been discussed, it was decided by the logical courtiers who fawned around the feet of the mistress, that, if it could be made to appear that Madame was desirous to return to her husband, but that he declined to receive her, the Queen’s excuse must fall to the ground. In pursuance of this scheme the lady wrote a letter to M. d’Etiolles, acknowledging the wrong she had done him, but avowing her sincere repentance, and her “resolution to efface, by her future conduct, all recollection of any irregularities that might have existed in her past life,” and proposing to return to him.

It was easy to make such a proposal, the next matter was to avoid being taken at her word. But the genius which devised the letter was here also equally ready with a preventive. Before the letter left his wife’s hands the Prince de Soubise was despatched to the husband, to announce to him that he would receive such a letter; that “he could do as he liked,” but that he would greatly disoblige the King if he should accept the proposal contained in it; and Soubise added his own friendly, disinterested, honourable advice, that he should desire Madame to remain where she was; while, to give weight to his counsel, he presented him with a royal ordinance, greatly augmenting the emoluments of his office. It is believed that M. d’Etiolles took the money; it is certain that he had no inclination to take back his wife, and he wrote her an answer with which she was so much elated that she circulated copies of it and of her own letter in every circle where shameless hypocrisy was likely to be esteemed as adding a further lustre to rapacious and insolent profligacy, while Soubise’s success as a negotiator gave him an ineffaceable claim on the gratitude of his worthy patron and patroness, and was more than sufficient to atone for his failure as a General.

But we have not yet come to the heaviest charge against Madame de Pompadour. Had she been only a King’s mistress, her memory might have gone down to posterity with comparatively little reproach. Many rigid censors had pitied La Vallière far more than they had blamed her; Gabrielle had so borne herself that all acknowledged that, had she been Henry’s wife, France could have had no worthier Queen. Agnes Sorel had been regarded by her contemporaries, and in all subsequent generations, as one who had greatly contributed to the honour, if not to the preservation of the freedom of France. But it has been always imputed to Madame de Pompadour that, when her own health began to decay, she became a procuress of the worst kind, kidnapping children of tender age, and training them to become the victims of the lust of the King; that, under her superintendence and that of her nephew, who had been created Marquis de Lugeac, houses were built at Versailles, in a portion of the park known as Le Parc-aux-cerfs, and that these houses were kept filled with a succession of children, many of them not above nine years old, who were educated with care till they were old enough to serve the purposes for which they had been carried

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off. The King himself (we are abridging the account given by Sismondi and Lacretelle), while they were still children, amused himself by dressing them, by setting them writing copies, by teaching them their prayers! till they attained the age of fourteen or fifteen, when they were seduced, and then turned adrift, and married to any one whom a handsome dowry would induce to take them.

The way in which Dr. Challice deals with this charge is a perfect curiosity in the history of audacious falsification. He was in a difficulty. If the charge were true, it was not easy to show how it would have been a calamity "for Louis to divest himself or his people of the woman who was set on high for the advantage of the latter" (II. 26), or that her power was "exercised for the good of the king" (p. 40), or to justify the lady's own favourable opinion of Louis as one "worthy of all happiness and glory" (p. 44). Yet the statements of the existence of Le Parc-aux-cerfs are so universal; and the authority of some of the historians who had endorsed them, such as Sismondi and Lacretelle, is so high, that he might doubt whether his own single unseconded denial of the fact would carry weight sufficient to eradicate the universal belief of the fact. Accordingly, he resolved to affirm that one voluminous French historian had denied and disproved it; and with this view he penned the following note, which we subjoin at full length:

"Everybody learned in the scandalous chronicles of the last century will know what is meant by the Parc-aux-cerfs, the scene laid by wicked invention for wicked practices of the king. Capefigue, the historian, now in France, declares that there never was such a place with such a purpose destined for the king's ignoble pleasures. In the Bibliothèque Impériale, certain pamphlets, published in England and Holland, by refugees there and in Prussia, have been condemned as unfounded libels, false as gross, and cast out. From the archives of the city of Versailles, it results that the site called the 'Parc-aux-cerfs' was detached from the general park of Versailles, and sold for building by the acts of 1725 and 1735—that is, long preceding the scandalous adventures which have been invented there. On this land were built the streets of St. Antoine and three others, with that of St. Louis and the new market. I have sought to find any trace of a Parc-aux-cerfs; here exists none. What, then, becomes of the royal scandals of a place that did not exist from 1749 to 1770? At that time the ground had been sold and partitioned, for building a new quarter. I then went to other sites which might bear the name; no trace, no vestige. I have consulted in my life those noble old men who still survived with the cross of St. Louis on their breast, have listened to the legends of their fathers; no sign, no memory of a Parc-aux-cerfs. There exist more than twenty deeds of sale and purchase made in the name of Louis XV., but none for this imaginary place. Let it not be imagined that history would be so complaisant as to conceal the vices of the king, by suppression of place. I defend not the chastity of the king. According to the corrupt practices of the 18th century he lived; but that he went so far beyond those, and with the sanction of a woman he honoured, as to build an express retreat for debauchery, is one of the most monstrous and untenable inventions. The manners of the 18th century generally were chastised by the revolution, but no credible authority ever fixed this stigma to them" (vol. ii. p. 147, note).

When we read this, we reproached ourselves severely for our own carelessness in reading, or our defective memory. We had read Capefigue's "Reign of Louis XV. and Society in the 18th Century;" and it seemed very strange how an authorized denial of so shameful but generally believed a scandal could have escaped our notice or our recollection. Yet for a moment we never doubted that it had done so. It is true that Dr. Challice had avoided making any special reference to the pages of the volume, or even to the work from which his quotation was taken; but still it seemed impossible that the passage quoted should not exist,—that, in short, he or any one should have been guilty of so monstrous a fabrication. We should still have hesitated in placing as much trust in such a writer as M. Capefigue (whose authority does not stand very high in his own country) as is due to Lacretelle and to Sismondi; but we should not have passed over his assertions wholly without examination; and a not unreasonable desire to see even such persons as Louis and his mistress relieved of the foulest guilt that had been attributed to them, would have induced us gladly to suspend our judgment, and to seek, it may be eagerly, for proofs in corroboration of the acquittal stated to be pronounced after careful investigation by M. Capefigue. The reader may judge of our amazement when, on turning to the third volume of the book we have mentioned (pp. 121—124, Ed. Paris, 1842), we find the following passages written by the author, whom Dr. Challice affirms to have denied the existence of the establishment of le Parc-aux-cerfs:—

"One of the anxieties of the Duchesse de Pompadour was, above all things, to preserve her credit with the king, the object of her lively care, by leaving at full liberty his fickle and capricious inclinations for women. What she wanted to preserve was her power. What did she care for a few passing infidelities? If she had strictly held Louis XV. under the laws of an exclusive love, it would have been a chain; and who is there who does not seek to break a chain? She understood that her line was to preserve unimpaired the yoke of habit, the strongest of all the bonds by which man is held, while favouring this liberty of caprices which lasts but a day. There could be no doubt that some woman of rank and birth would aspire to take her place, and such might be equal to herself in talent and grace; but pretty young girls of low birth, and devoid of ambition, would pass like a sweet dream before the eyes of the intoxicated monarch. At this period every great lord had his little private house, where he might divert himself, and get rid of his ennui in the Bois de Boulogne, in the villages of Sèvres and St. Cloud. Such were the manners of a corrupt age and a depraved society. Richelieu, Gesvres, D'Ayen, received in such houses noble ladies, and more especially little citizens (*bourgeoises*) and country girls, whom their stewards collected in all quarters for their pleasures. There was no need of violence; money and love were the sole agents in the midst of the general corruption. . . . With this fancy for a little house of debauches Richelieu powerfully inspired Louis XV., and still more Madame de Pompadour, as a means of diverting the royal mind. In such places the ephemeral power of little new favourites would pass away. Easy pleasures would be offered to the *blasé* monarch. And, as it was fitting that everything connected with the King should be invested with a certain character of munificence and grandeur, care should be taken of the young girls who had sacrificed their honour to Louis XV. They should receive pensions; they should have husbands provided for them from the respectable classes of farmers of the revenue, and financiers; and if they had children by the king, they should be advanced in the army or the Church. Such

were the regulations of the little house of Louis XV., afterwards so celebrated under the name of the Parc-aux-cerfs."

After this we shall waste no more time on Dr. Challice or his book, which we leave to the judgment of the reader.

THE POEMS OF HEINE.*

Is it a sign of discontent with the quality of the great mass of original English verse which finds its way to a publisher, *en route* to oblivion, that we have recently had offered to us so many translations of great poets who wrote in foreign tongues? Perhaps it is; and, we confess, the succession of pretentious volumes of words without thoughts, the authors of which appear to believe that mediocrity ceases to be common-place if it is cut into measured lengths—false measures too often—and tagged with rhyme, are likely enough to produce a reaction. How far the recoil from the present may carry us back into the past is hard to say; but we seem to be flying to the most distant mountain tops, in the dire necessity of finding some escape from the unmelodious dwellers in the marsh. For what other reason is a new translation of Horace produced? What other necessity can be urged for giving Catullus a new English dress? Equally welcome seems the introduction to us of poets nearer in point of time, but quite as foreign in speech; for, we believe, a greater number of Englishmen could construe Horace fluently, or read off a page of Catullus, than could find their way without stumbling through one of the long speeches of Schiller's *Don Carlos* or *Wallenstein*.

To be rid of the weariness of being bored in our own language by a fellow traveller who is loquacious, without having anything to say, how willingly we seek conversation with an "intelligent foreigner," even though we have to carry it on through the medium of an interpreter! Some reason of this kind must be sought to account for the great impulse that, within the last few years, has been given to translations into English. The work is less fragmentary than it used to be; it has been taken up by a higher order of talent; and the translators do not shrink from the enormous labour of recasting the whole, or the greater part, of the writings of a foreign author. We get a cast of the perfect Hercules instead of a severed foot, from which the judgment of the entire frame must be imperfect. This growth of a distinct department of literature induces us to offer a few observations on the subject of translation generally.

It is recorded of a certain great scholar, that in his daily prayers he was accustomed to repeat a special form of thanksgiving to Divine Providence for having created certain men with the singular faculties, and the still more singular patience, that fitted them to become compilers of dictionaries! We can quite understand the gratitude of that old student; he was thankful for the result, and admired, but did not envy, the peculiar gifts required to produce it. Good translations, also, demand special endowments; and we confess we both admire and envy them. Higher than the compiler and classifier of words we must rank the translator of thoughts. He must combine two sets of faculties that seem rather opposed to each other. If he sets himself to the task of translating the "entire works" of any great foreign writer, he must have the patience and untiring industry of the dictionary maker; and to these must be added something of the spirit of his original, or the final product of his labour will be naught. In fact, sympathy with the original is the predisposing motive that impels the whole race of translators to write. They have themselves fed with profit in the "fresh fields and pastures new" that are fenced out from the million by the barriers of a foreign tongue; and with noble unselfishness they enable others to partake of what is there to be found, by levelling the hedges and breaking down the walls of exclusion.

But most translations are specialities; it is easy to comprehend the reason of those that are professional. Medical and military science are constantly importing contributions from abroad, through media not exclusively literary. But a man must have a strong predilection for metaphysical studies to feel supported through a translation of any single work of a German philosopher. Yet we have Hegel and Kant in a garment of English, more or less well fitting; tough work must the adaptation have been! We envy the power of labour such books indicate, and our admiration of it shall restrain us from asking whether that labour may not have been thrown away? Dramatic translation is another easily comprehended branch of this literary manufacture; perfect knowledge of the original language is not required for the production of this article; it suffices to reduce a brilliant dialogue to the literality and lameness of a school exercise, which is easily effected by eliminating all the wit. Nor is a remarkable facility in misunderstanding the meaning of the original any drawback. But this vein having been a little overworked of late years, some of the pens engaged in it appear to have found other employment. From the peculiar style and constant misconceptions of foreign texts to be traced in the electric columns of the daily papers, we are disposed to think that most of Reuter's telegrams must be translated by English dramatists.

While denouncing bad translations as the worst and most worthless kind of literary labour, we must testify to the great merit of a reproduction of a foreign book that gives faithfully the meaning of the author in vigorous and grammatical English. It is not so easy to do as it may seem. There is a great difference between one man's manner of telling even an anecdote and the mode in which another will repeat it, though both deal with the same facts, in their mother tongue. A. is a good narrator, and gives the story with spirit, putting in nothing superfluous, keeping the accessories subordinate to the main action, and bringing out the point distinctly. But B., destitute of this talent, will spoil the whole thing by his clumsy handling; he will misunderstand some of the facts, and displace the rest, be prolix in the wrong place, infuse his own dulness into the whole web of the story, and finish by leaving out the point. The thing misses fire dismally; and where A. would "set the table in a roar," B. produces a blank silence, rather to his sur-

* The Poems of Heine, Complete; Translated in the Original Metres. With a Sketch of Heine's Life. By Edgar Alfred Bowring. London: Longman, Brown, Green, Longman, & Roberts.

prise; for, as one of the unhappy race remarked on a similar occasion, "it was a very good story when he heard it." Perhaps it was; the difference is in the mode of telling it. There are nearly the same degrees of difference in translations.

Prose does not suffer so much by this kind of maltreatment as to be wholly spoiled. It may come out of the process much damaged, but with enough of the original left to be useful. It is where the idea can scarcely, by any skill, be separated from the language and form of expression, as in poetry, that translation is almost a work of despair. The mere meaning can be grasped; but when that alone is rendered we have only a hard, repulsive skeleton, instead of a form of beauty, full of life, grace, and colour. To supply the charms of expression that must be lost when the idea is separated from its original language, by equal beauties of the tongue into which it is rendered, demands in a translator considerable poetical power of his own. It is this difficulty that makes really good translations so rare, especially of the poets of living languages.

It is not to be explained quite rationally why so many good English writers have expended so much labour in reproducing the Greek and Latin poets. How many translations there are of Virgil besides that of Dryden, some written before his time, some since? Pope's is not the only English Homer, nor even the best: translations of Horace abound in our language; another has just been published; some of his odes have been "done into English" hundreds of times. We possess an English Lucretius; we have all of Catullus and Tibullus that could be given decently, and a good deal of Martial that could not. We have Pindar, and Hesiod, and Anacreon, industriously rendered into our mother tongue for the benefit of "ordinary English readers," and held in much contempt by scholars. There has been abundant transfusion of the poetical thought of Greece and Rome into our Saxon speech. And now we are digging in the still older mine of Sanscrit, and smelting the ore to be found therein; we have no doubt that metrical translations of the Egyptian hieroglyphics will soon be among the announcements of some enterprising publisher. The Pharaohs may have had a laureate, and a Coptic Tennyson would be worth recovering; but may darkness keep in its embrace any prize poems of the University of Thebes—if they were no better than our own.

This, however, is going very far back indeed; and there is plenty of work for ambitious translators from the literatures of immediate neighbours, and within two centuries of our own time. The best writers in living languages have been unduly neglected for the classics—a consequence of the superstitious reverence for them imbibed at our public schools and colleges. It was a misfortune that all modern languages were branded as "vulgar tongues," and a superior dignity associated with Greek and Latin. The amount of labour some of our best writers bestowed on the classics was disproportionate to the benefit derived from it. Of many of the ancients we have the entire works in English; of some we have several versions, and with some of those versions we could very well dispense. We wish that Dryden had devoted his wonderful power of versification to reproducing the rhymed comedies of Molière, instead of the Epic of Virgil. What an English copy of "Tartuffe" would have been given by the hand "that drew Achitophel!" The reader who is limited to English, only knows the arch-hypocrite of the French dramatist, in the poor, vulgarised imitation of him, as Dr. Cantwell; or, more probably, does not know him at all, for as an acting play, the "Hypocrite" vanished from the stage with Liston and Dowton, and, as a literary work, is hardly worth reading.

We would willingly give all that Dryden did for pious Eneas and Queen Dido, for the gallery of portraits he could have given us from the plays of Molière. The English dramatists who were almost the contemporaries of the great Frenchman, only paid him the compliment of stealing from him, for that kind of "conveyance" is an old literary misdemeanor. To the present day we have no complete translation of the works of Molière, and five of our seven or eight Virgils do not compensate for the deficiency. Again, we think that Pope would have felt more at home with the heroes of Racine's courtly tragedies, than with the Greeks and Trojans of Homer. Racine's Romans, being essentially courtiers of Versailles, have more affinity with Pope's Sir Plume than with Nero and Germanicus, who were made of sterner stuff than could be presented to the eyes and ears polite of the Grand Monarque! Hippolytus in a bag-wig and ruffles would have come out of the mental alembic of Pope with a reality he could not give to Homer's Ajax. Pope carved beautifully in ivory; but his hand wanted strength to hew a semblance of life out of the rock. If he felt impelled to the work of translation, we wish he had taken to Racine, and left Homer alone; for we have three or four Homers, while we have no complete version of any one of the three great dramatists of France. We have some poor "adaptations" of a few of their plays—nothing more. One perfect translation of a great French writer we do possess—a version of Rabelais; and that we could spare, for its humour is much less evident than its filth.

The English authors of an earlier age than that of Pope and Dryden did far more for the masterpieces of foreign literature; but they preferred those of the Italian language. The "Jerusalem Delivered" of Sir Thomas Fairfax is one of the best of English translations. Even Portuguese has borne off the palm of epic poetry from the French in the estimation of our countrymen. We have a translation of the "Lusiad" of Camoens, while the "Henriad" of Voltaire has been "most severely let alone." As to the German language, down to a very recent period, our "polite literature" would as soon have accepted a contribution from the Cherokee as from the Teutonic. We took up German when the names of Goethe and Schiller reached us; and we still cling to them as if they were the Alpha and Omega of a literature in which they stand as great names certainly; but in which they do not stand alone. Our knowledge wants widening in this direction. We know very little of Herder and Lessing, who were precursors of the two names we so persistently combine as the only representatives of German genius; and of the host of writers who have succeeded them, we know still less. It is as if Germany ignored every British poet since Burns, and took it for granted we have had no novelists since Walter Scott! German metaphysics

appear to have overridden German poetry, both in France and England; at least they have accepted more modern names in the first department of literature than in the second. With the metaphysicians we include the German theologians, of whom, perhaps, we have had something too much.

There are some signs, however, of a coming emancipation from the yoke of the Goethe and Schiller superstition. We have no wish to push the old divinities from their stools; but it is well we should know that there are more recent writers not unworthy of a place beside them, on the steps of the throne at least, if not upon it. One of the brightest of these signs, indicating the rise of new stars above our English horizon, is the translation of the complete poems of Heinrich Heine, by Mr. Edgar Bowring. It is in itself a remarkable work; it is "thorough," like Strafford's policy. There are no half measures, no slurring over dubious passages, no selection of choice fragments. He has given all his original, often with singular felicity, always faithfully. The industry and power of work the book exhibits are extraordinary. A writer must be almost loved by his translator to be supported through such a mass of matter and such a variety of verse and metres. Nor is it the first of Mr. Bowring's achievements in the same kind. He must have a large endowment of those special gifts for which the old scholar we have quoted was so grateful, and many more besides. To possess the perseverance of a lexicographer, added to the power of reflecting the grace, wit, fancy, and pathos of a true poet, is given to very few. But in Mr. Bowring the gift of acquiring strange languages and rendering their meaning into his own is inherited; his father, we believe, could have acted as interpreter between all the puzzled races at the confusion of tongues. Sir J. Bowring was discursive in his translations, ranging from Servia to the Philippine Islands, and some specimens of Chinese poetry ought to be demanded at his hands, as the "price of his consulship" at Hong Kong. Mr. E. Bowring has concentrated his powers on European languages, and instead of studying the dialects of savages and men of Inde, is contented with giving us larger importations from languages nearer home, in the shape of the whole works of writers with which the mass of English readers are only imperfectly acquainted.

The poems of Heine deserve an analysis as long as this article, which we have given to the subject of translation generally. In the space we have left, we should only do the genius of Heine injustice were we to attempt a criticism. But we may return to the book for this purpose on another occasion. It may prepare the reader for some startling passages, to be told that Heine was himself a rebel in poetry, and not much less in politics; he assailed the established literary creeds and institutions of Germany with a satire as cutting as Voltaire's; but he had the poet's gifts of fancy and imagination in far richer measure. That he did not often misuse his great powers we cannot say; more frequently, perhaps, he wasted and scattered them. No one great work is linked with his name; but it is a name that will live nevertheless. And all that could be done for it in another language Mr. Bowring has achieved. Some of the poems could not be better given; and as a whole, Mr. Bowring's translation has rendered any other version both unnecessary and impossible.

THE LIFE AND CORRESPONDENCE OF FRANCIS BACON.*

A REVIEWER of the last generation noted a remarkable fact which characterized the biographies of those Great Obscures of his time who, after they were dead, instead of being forgotten, as the natural order of things demanded, fell into the hands of the book-makers, and had their lives written. He noted that they were always present at all public events, whether great or small; always seeing the foundation-stone of such a building laid by Lord Such-a-one; always seeing Mr. Wilkes on his way to the City; or (if their generation was later) Sir Francis Burdett on his way to the Tower. Whether much was to be got out of this in the way of Psychology he doubted—though the term Psychology was not, in his days invented. He doubted whether it really showed any early signs of that activity of mind and inquisitiveness of disposition, which, combined with the habit of what is called "improving opportunities," lead to greatness. He observed that the smaller and the more insignificant the victim of the biography was, the more of such sights he either saw or was said to have seen. At last, the conclusion was reached that, in most cases, they were never seen at all. This, we believe, was after he had himself written a biography. The truth, then, dawned upon him. The whole thing was a sham,—a make-believe. The fine sights, the public occasions, the presence of the individual hero, and his reflections on the spectacle, were mere make-weights and make-shifts. They were simply pegs for the biographer to hang pages on; and it was the penny-a-liners who invented the system.

It took root, and, after attaining its full development, bore a good deal of strange, but worthless, fruit. The first process in its cultivation was to do away with the real presence of the spectator altogether and describe the object without him, but to give in full what he would have felt and thought if he had been there to see it. This was, in many instances, a matter of necessity,—in the cases, for instance, of an *alibi*. If Sir Francis Burdett were led to the Tower when the hero of the biography was known to be in Halifax, it was awkward. The artist, however, was equal to the emergency; and the things that might have been thought, if the right men were in the right place for thinking them, were always good for a chapter or two.

This was, doubtless, bad; but what was to be done? On personal, egotistic, and other grounds, obscure men had to be written about, and when there was nothing in the individuals themselves for the writer to deal with, what was his resource? To the honour of the inventors of this style it must be said of them that they never betook themselves to it except when they were compelled by the poverty of their subject. They never made it stand in the place of research. They looked and looked, and rummaged and rummaged, and found nothing.

* The Life and Correspondence of Francis Bacon. Saunders & Otley.

They had a small subject requiring a big book. If anything better than their substitutes could have been found they would have gone to the end of the world to find it.

With their successors it is different. Their successors have had recourse to it out of sheer wantonness, or rather out of idleness. They have used the makeshift when the real article was to be found, but when they would not, or could not, take the proper pains to find. They have used it as a supplement, not to the paucity of facts, but to their own want of knowledge or industry.

From the following passage it is to be hoped that the style has now reached its climax—hoped on reasonable grounds; inasmuch as it combines all the bad elements of both the bad varieties of the style. It is out of place. The full trial of Essex has its appropriate position in Essex's life. In Essex's life it should be given as a fact. Here it is given in Bacon's life as a fancy. But in a life of Bacon it is unnecessary. Bacon was a man whose biography wanted no such odds and ends to eke it out with; nor is the present Life such a long one as to give free room for it. There are plenty of appropriate realities which it displaces. These, however, lie beyond the author. They required accurate knowledge, whereas a discursive imagination is his forte. For the sort of thing, however, the description has its merits; merits, at least in the eyes of the writers and readers of the intense school of history.

Observe how well it complies with our conditions. All who were really there are mentioned; and Shakspeare, who was not there, is brought in because he might have been there.

"It is true the treason of Essex is no great occasion. Another century later on, a man related to this prisoner at the bar—to this energetic, good-natured, reckless courtier, a descendant of his wife's—one Algernon Sidney, will fall here, and a nobler cause will lend a consecration to the scene. This defeat represents no principle. The cause is unworthy the cost of lives to be sacrificed. But 'tis the auditory which fills up the measure of the trial. There cluster about the prisoner such men and women, such heroes, as never have, and perchance never will again, grace the trial of mortal on this earth. A race of men, with broad and majestic brows, whose sunken cheeks and pointed chins tell of the dominance of the spirit over flesh. Men melancholy grand as they live on the canvas of Velasquez, with an elevation that asks none from his wondrous pencil, nor from his dexterity. One Walter Raleigh, adventurer, poet, author, wit, statesman, orator, general by sea and land, with depths of light and shade in him beyond the Spaniard's knowledge or art to compass, though he break his palette in despair, is there, as a captain of the guard. His look, as it falls on the prisoner at the bar, is not pleasant to think on. He has written a letter to Cecil, which alone can tell us the malignancy of his hate. The greatest constitutional lawyer that ever lived, the lawyer who has done more for the liberty of man than any other in all history (is not this praise?), is there as Sir Edward Coke, a rising man. Francis Bacon, the founder of a new philosophy, the enfranchiser of the mind, the 'brightest,' meanest of mankind, is there. Mr. Camden, the great antiquary and schoolmaster; Ben Jonson, the poet and soldier, *ultimus Romanorum*, his scholar; Fletcher and young Beaumont, the playwrights; and then, undistinguished among the crowd, there perhaps stands, an all but unknown man, a player, a Nazarene, one William Shakspeare.

"And oh! think on it! genius that lingers long in obscurity, that repines at suffering—

"The proud man's contumely."

He is unknown to Mr. Attorney Coke, or even to Francis Bacon, or to any of the great lords thereabouts, save, perhaps, to Sackville and Southampton. For all Bacon's philosophy he knows not that that poor despised player's name will outshine his own, will burn with a brighter and steadier flame, and that there, in that humble garb, stands the greatest man that ever lived on earth, short of being divine. But, if we are to consider probabilities, how many distinguished men living at the time there, might such an occasion humour to be present! Drake, Gilbert, Whitgift, Hooker, Cavendish, Sidney, Marlowe, Hawkins, and others have been removed; but Napier of Merchiston; Fulke, Lord Greville; Sir Thomas Bodley, founder of the Bodleian Library; Williams, by-and-by to be Lord Keeper and Archbishop of York, and founder of the Westminster Library; Cotton; Harrington, the translator of the 'Orlando Furioso,' Michael Drayton, Stowe, Daniel, and Hakluyt, might all have been there. Among the women, perchance," &c.

And so on, with a proportionate amount of pages given to The Ladies, just after the fashion of an after-dinner toast. This has been given as a sample of the work—a work calling itself a Life of Bacon. It is a brick from which we may judge of the house; though we are bound to add that it is more highly glazed than the rest. Still, the remainder of the work is, upon the whole, on a piece with it. The work is nominally a Life of Bacon. In reality, it is mishmash about Coke, Essex, and Mr. Hepworth Dixon—*de omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis*. Upon Mr. Hepworth Dixon it is most especially an onslaught; so much so, that two chapters are headed with the notice that they are sufficiently polemical in nature, and sufficiently foreign to the subject, to be skipped. They are not the only chapters in the category.

We don't endorse Mr. Dixon's inferences. As little do we share in his hero-worship. He writes intensely, and the real revenge that the present author has taken upon him consists in his having exaggerated the most exceptional elements of his manner, and having given a caricature of his style. The two chapters in question look as if they were originally written for a review; and reviews (of the slashing kind) seem the thing that the writer is fit for. His punctuation is peculiar, and would have to be corrected before his abilities could be utilized in this field; but he lacks neither vivacity nor energy, and for those who care more for matter than manner, he writes what is very pleasant reading. But his men are either heroes or villains, which is not the case in common life; and his statements rest on insufficient evidence, which is not the case in critical histories; and his facts themselves fail to establish his conclusions, which is not the case with sound logic and trustworthy trains of argument.

Mr. Dixon would make Bacon as great in his moral, as he was acknowledged to be in his intellectual, character. The writer under notice would make him in the way of his morale, all that Mr. Dixon would not. Both agree upon his intellect. The less said about the rest the better.

MARVELS OF POND LIFE.*

UNDER the green scum of the pond, in the running stream, amongst the green weeds of the river, are worlds of life, unseen to the unassisted human eye. One stagnant pool contains more living beings than we can learn the history of in a lifetime. Of these unseen marvels of animated existence Mr. Slack's book treats, but the unlearned student will desire a microscope to see what Mr. Slack describes, while the student with a microscope wants such books as Mr. Slack's to teach him what he sees. Nearer and nearer to the first principles of existence does that magic instrument bring us, and after years of familiarity with its use, and the objects it ordinarily displays, we ever and anon rise from its enchanting views spell-bound with wonder and admiration. The more definite books of scientific description and investigations sought after by the votary to microscopic science are, as all such books in every science are, dry and unintelligible to the mass. Their construction is not for the many but for the few. Conciseness of record or accurate definition of differences are the points to be attained, so that the earnest investigator of nature's wonders may find the shortest and directest way to the summit of what has been done; the most condensed epitome or the most elaborate minuteness of detail of what others have done before him.

Mr. Slack's book presents the features of a professor's monthly walk through the fields with his younger students, to whom he explains as he goes the familiar objects around. So Mr. Slack goes every month to his favourite ponds, and displays in each chapter some of what, to him and other accomplished naturalists, are familiar marvels of pond life. Marvels they are to those who know them best, who have been intimate with their curious forms in embryo, youth, adulthood, and decay, and marvels, too, they are still more to those who for the first time see or learn their marvellously minute and wonderfully elaborate structures. Man and the more complex animals are hidden in an enveloping skin, and all the wondrous machinery of their bodies is covered up, but these tiny beings of our pools and ponds we see through, and watch every organ of their delicate transparent frames at work. We see the food caught by their feelers or tentacles, or wafted by their ever playing cilia into their mouths; we see it pass into the stomach, and we see it rolled over and over in the process of digestion; we see the blood-fluid pass along in its ebb and flow; we see their muscles contract and expand; and we see when the little creature has passed out of existence, its dead body the prey of hundreds of other still more tiny organisms, that seemingly are generated in its decomposition, that clear away with untiring energy even this very little mass of corruption, and then, their duty done, they themselves pass quickly away, and give place to new scenes of animation.

Without a microscope, or some of the excellent woodcuts with which Mr. Slack's book is illustrated, we cannot dwell at length on any of the creatures, passages in whose life and history Mr. Slack records. We could write about trees, and mountains, country cottages, and charming scenery, and make ourselves intelligible and amusing, but these quaint forms of microscopic pond life, who shall describe them without the aid of the pencil; who shall understand the most faithful description without the drawing or the microscope before him? Messrs. Groombridge have already issued many similar small, but popular and excellent treatises on some most interesting points of science. The marvellous structure of the eye, and the grand marvels of the celestial worlds that roll around us, the first dawn of life-forms on our planet, have been amongst the topics which these publishers have essayed to bring before the world, fresh from the pen of really popular writers. Mr. Slack's "Marvels of Pond Life" will not take an unworthy place in the series, and much assistance to the student and some information to the adept may undoubtedly be anticipated from a perusal. When read, it will form for those who pursue the subject further an outline sketch, the filling up of some of the details of which will give them profitable employment, and advance the boundaries of microscopic science.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

DURING the present month Messrs. Longman & Co. will publish "A Narrative of the China War of 1860," by Lieut.-Colonel Wolsley, Deputy Assistant Quartermaster-General to the Expeditionary Force, to be illustrated with a portrait of Lieut.-General Sir J. Hope Grant. In this work Colonel Wolsley gives a detailed account of the military and naval operations lately carried on in China by the English and French forces. The author enters fully into the subject of the diplomatic relations between the British and Celestial Governments. Of the numerous conferences which took place between the officials of the British Embassy and the Chinese authorities, the work gives an unbiassed report. The volume contains likewise an accurate account of the country visited by the Allied Armies, and of the manners and customs peculiar to the people in the northern regions of China. All the trustworthy information which could be obtained regarding the fate of the British subjects taken prisoners and murdered, is given in detail in the course of the narrative; and the author concludes his work with his personal experiences during a stay at Nankin, the head-quarters of the rebel forces, where he remained as a guest of one of their kings; and had many opportunities of observing their present condition and estimating their future prospects.

It is stated that the King of Portugal has conferred upon Mr. R. H. Major, of the British Museum, the honour of Knighthood of the Tower and Sword, in recognition of the importance of his literary researches on the early discoveries of Australia, by which it has been shown that the credit of the first authenticated discovery of that vast island no longer attaches to Holland, as hitherto recorded in history, but to Portugal; Mr. Major having been able to discover a MS. map, in which it was shown that the north-west coast was discovered in 1601 by a Portuguese named Manoel Godinho de Hevedia. This date is five years earlier than the earliest previously-known discovery by the Dutch.

Messrs. Chapman & Hall have in the press a fifth edition of the late Mrs. Browning's Poems, with corrections and additions. The same firm are also preparing all the last and unpublished poems of Mrs. Browning for publication.

* *Marvels of Pond Life*; or, a Year's Microscopic Recreations among the Polyps, Infusoria, Rotifers, Water-bears, and Polyzoa. By Henry J. Slack, F.G.S. London: Groombridge & Sons. 1861.

Messrs. Bradbury & Evans have issued the first number of a bi-weekly publication called the *Gazette of Bankruptcy*. It is meant to record the proceedings in bankruptcy in every court in the country. By reference to it any creditor will be able at once to ascertain the position of any estate in which he is interested.

Mr. Wiltshire Stanton Austin, of the Parliamentary bar, and late of Exeter College, Oxford, is preparing a work with Messrs. Hurst & Blackett, which may be expected during the winter. Mr. Austin is well known in London as an eloquent orator, and the public will be glad to hear that he has made arrangements to deliver a course of six historical and biographical lectures in the North of England, previous to the new year of 1862. Under the respective heads of "The Agora, the Forum, the Tribune, the Tub, the Husting, and the Platform," Mr. Austin proposes to give his lectures, which he calls "The Leaders of the People," to be afterwards published under that title.

Lady Duff Gordon's new work, which we have already announced, to be published by Messrs. Chapman & Hall, is on "The History and Literature of the Crusaders."

Mr. Murray announces an abridged and cheaper edition of Dr. Livingstone's "Travels in South Africa."

Messrs. James Hogg are about to publish a new work by Mrs. Thompson, the wife of the late Dr. Anthony Todd Thompson, on "Celebrated Friendships." This work may be looked for with some interest. The authoress purposes to introduce to her readers the friendship of John Evelyn and Robert Boyle, the Earl of Surrey and Sir Thomas Wyatt, William Cowper and Mary Unwin, Marie Antoinette and the Princess de Lamballe, Joseph Addison and Sir Richard Steele, Magdalen Herbert and Dr. Donne, Sir Kenelm Digby and Sir Anthony Van Dyck, Mrs. Elizabeth Carter and Mrs. Vesey, the Countess of Hertford and the Countess of Pomfret, Sir Philip Sidney and Sir Fulke Greville, Coleridge and Lamb, Lord Bolingbroke and Alexander Pope, Fénelon and Madame Guyon, Garrick and Mrs. Clive, and many other "friendships" which have become matter of history.

Mr. Murray has in the press the first volume of a work edited by the Rev. Herbert Randolph, being the "Autobiographical Memoirs of General Sir Robert Wilson," from 1777 to the Peace of Tilsit, containing the history of his early life, entrance in the army in 1794, his campaigns in Flanders, Egypt, Cape of Good Hope, and Germany.

The article on "Plutarch" in the new number of the *Quarterly* has been written by Mr. James Hannay, the editor of the *Edinburgh Courier*, and author of "Eustace Conyers" and "Singleton Fontenoy," &c., &c.

Mr. Bentley is preparing a third volume of Mr. Timbs' descriptive lives of Swift, Steele, Sheridan, Porson, Sydney Smith, &c., &c.

An ancient Bible in the library belonging to the Mayor and Corporation of Southampton bears the following inscription:—"John Favour Doctor of the lawes and Vicar of Halfax borne at Southampton in the parish of holy roode the xxjth of Januarie 1556 out of the love he beareth unto his dear cuntrye he bestowed this bible that it may be chayned to a deske in the Coimcell chamber of the Audit house for the edification of those who shall reade therein as also that by the light thereof the Mayor and Magistrates may be put in mind of mercy and judgment and to doe all things to God's glorie and in love to their brethren — day of Julie 1612."

Messrs. W. H. Allen & Co. are preparing a work by Professor Ansted and Dr. Latham on "The Channel Islands." Mr. Sutherland Edwards' long expected "History of the Opera" may be shortly expected, likewise Mr. Edwards' work on Poland. The public have for some months past been already reaping the fruits of Mr. Edwards' residence in Poland, that gentleman having acted as special correspondent in Poland for the *Times* newspaper.

Messrs. Williams & Norgate have received the first volume, to be completed in three, of a new work by the German Orientalist, Sprenger, entitled, "The Life and Doctrines of Mahomet." The first volume of the dramatic works of Karl Yutzkow has also arrived.

In a long letter to the editor of the *Constitutionnel*, M. de Lamartine complains of the statement of his ill health and approaching death, and goes on to say,—"I have undertaken, and I am pursuing, for others more than myself, a great operation, very dear, very long, and very painful, in order to depart honourably from this amiable life; it is the complete edition of my works, in forty volumes, published by subscription. The success of this undertaking is the security and the bread of those to whom my property might not be sufficient. . . . The forty volumes are concluded, with the exception of four volumes of my political memoirs; and in case I should depart without noise, without having finished the last sheet for the printer, my heirs have the means of replacing these four volumes by six volumes of my literary conversations, all complete, all ready, all printed, and not compromised. Grant me, then, Monsieur le Redacteur, a certificate of perpetual life, which I ask you. You will thus have repaired the involuntary injury which the false reports of my pretended malady may have caused to my undertaking. . . ."

Miss Nightingale's book on "Nursing" has been translated into the German language.

It is stated that M. Witte is about to produce a new translation of "Dante" in Germany.

The French journals inform us that M. Victor Hugo has sold the MS. of a new work, "Les Misérables," for the sum of 400,000 francs.

The third annual meeting of the Historical Committee of the Royal Academy of Sciences was lately held at Munich. The task of collecting genuine German historical songs and poems from A.D. 1400 to 1618 had been entrusted to Dr. Lilieneron, with the intention of illustrating them with woodcuts and original musical airs. Dr. Lilieneron has already visited the greater part of Germany and Switzerland for this purpose, and Dr. Reinhold Bechstein has searched the archives and libraries of Upper Saxony. They have perused the old chronicles, books, and manuscripts everywhere; even private libraries, as those of Dr. Cornelius and Dr. Godecke, as well as those of the many scientific and historical societies, who kindly have offered them their valuable collections. About 1,200 poems are collected already, the third part of which are songs, amongst which are a great number hitherto unknown. The historical songs of Switzerland begin with the fourteenth century, and the oldest bears the date of 1332. There remains only the eastern part of Germany, Livonia and Courland, and afterwards Holland and Belgium to be explored, and the whole treasury of German songs, as far as they offer any historical interest, will be almost completed, and the first volume printed. Thus the history of German poetical literature will be considerably and advantageously increased.

Hatti Humayoun.—The explanation of this phrase, which has constantly been recurring of late years in connection with Turkey, may perhaps be interesting to our readers. The first is an Arabic word which simply means a writing, and has

become to mean an edict. The derivation of the latter word, however, is peculiarly curious. There is a bird in Persia called the *huma*, which is considered of good augury because it only feeds on bones, and thus injures no living animal. Hence the adjective *humayoun*, meaning auspicious, was derived, and being afterwards given to monarchs among their other titles, came to mean imperial; so that the phrase "*hatti humayoun*" simply means the imperial writing in decree.

We learn from an advertisement in the native Arabic paper of Beyrout that a certain "*moallim*" (professor) has just made the translation "of the wonderful English tale of *Robinson Crusoe*" (Robinson Crusoe) into the Arabic language, and that the first part is now ready.

A complete dictionary has lately been published of the English dictionary in Turkish, to facilitate to Turkish students the acquisition of the English language. It is written by the secretary to the Asiatic Society, and the whole expense of the publication has been defrayed by an American merchant.

Le Nord reviews most favourably an interesting new work from the pen of Edouard Fournier, entitled "L'Histoire du Pont Neuf."

The *Opinion Nationale* states that a satirical history of the popes has just been translated and published at Dentu's, entitled "Pasquin et Marforio." It gives this passage from one of the dialogues:—"The canons of popes were formerly in Latin, but they are now in bronze."

The *Pays* gives a most favourable review to a work lately published by M. Blanc: "Enseignemens Méthodiques de l'Orthographe d'Usage sans le secours du Grec et du Latin." The work has been accepted by the Imperial Council of Public Instruction.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS AND NEW EDITIONS.

FROM OCTOBER 18TH TO OCTOBER 24TH.

- A Few Out of Thousands; their Sayings and Doings. By Augusta. Feap. 8vo. cloth. 2s. 6d. Groombridge.
- Armstrong (R. & T.). English Composition. Part I. 16mo. cloth. 1s. 6d. Hamilton. Part II. 2s. Hamilton.
- Parts I. & II. 3s. Hamilton.
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- Cassell's Illustrated Almanack, 1862. 6d. Cassell.
- Collier (W. F.). History of English Literature. Feap. 3s. 6d. Nelson.
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- Denison (Archdeacon). Church Rates a National Trust. 8vo. cloth. 5s. Saunders & Otley.
- Drew (Samuel, M.A.). Life of. The Self-taught Cornishman. 12mo. cloth. 3s. 6d. Ward.
- Doing and Suffering. New edition. 3s. 6d. Seeley.
- Elizabeth (C.). Philip and his Garden. Feap. cloth. 2s. Hogg & Sons.
- Englishwoman's Domestic Magazine. New Series. Vol. III. 5s. Beeton.
- Family Save All. Second Edition. 2s. 6d. Kent.
- Francatelli's Cookery Book. Second Edition. 5s. Bentley.
- Footsteps to Fame. A Book to open other Books. Feap. 8vo. cloth. 2s. 6d. Groombridge.
- Great Fun for our Little Friends. Small 4to. Illustrated. 5s. Low & Son.
- Greaves (C. S.). Criminal Law Consolidation and Amendment Acts. 8vo. 14s. Stevens.
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EXTRACT FROM DIRECTORS' REPORT, MAY, 1861.

"THE Directors are enabled, in rendering their Annual Account, to announce that the year 1860 exhibited a continuance of the same healthy advance on which they last year had to congratulate the Proprietors, and so far as can be foreseen, presents the elements of future prosperity.

"Proposals for the Assurance of £254,033 were made to the Office during the past year, of which amount £167,259 were assured, producing, in New Premiums, £5,619. 0s. 8d. The Income of the Office on the 31st December last, had reached £46,562. 9s., being an increase over 1859 of £9,700.

"The Accounts, having reference to the last three years, show that the Cash Assets have exceeded the liabilities in a gradually increasing ratio, thus:—

In 1858 the Excess was	£8,269	7	4
1859 " "	12,086	9	11
1860 " "	18,557	0	6

"It will be seen that the amount added to the Funds of the Company during the past year shows a surplus of a very satisfactory character, notwithstanding the payment of £14,184. 14s. 5d. for claims consequent on the Death of Members.

"Since the Directors last had the pleasure of meeting the Proprietors, the Royal Assent has been given to a Special Act of Parliament, conferring additional powers on the Company.

"As the close of the present year will bring us to the period prescribed for the Valuation of the Business, with a view to the declaration of a Bonus, the Directors very earnestly invite the co-operation of the Proprietors and all others connected with or interested in the Office to assist their efforts in making the present the most successful year of the Company's existence, in order that, individually and collectively, all interests may be advanced."

31 OCT 61

HENRY D. DAVENPORT, Secretary.

SUPPLEMENT TO THE LONDON REVIEW.

No. 69.]

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 26, 1861.

[Vol. III.]

THE PEERAGE OF THE LAST TWO CENTURIES.

(Continued from p. 502.)

CHAPTER III.—REIGN OF GEORGE I.

WE now come to the reign of George I., who succeeded to the Crown Aug. 1st 1714. On arriving in England from Germany, in the course of the following month, he found the Tory ministry of his predecessor already dismissed by the "Lords Justices," who managed affairs *ad interim*, and a new Ministry, of Whig materials, formed in their place. At the head of it were Lord Townshend, Mr. (afterwards Sir) Robert Walpole, and the Earl of Nottingham (the latter of whom, however, soon withdrew); and the general election of 1715 having given the Whigs a majority, they proceeded to the impeachment of Bolingbroke. The Cabinet, however, was broken up in 1717, when Townshend and Walpole gave place to Stanhope and Sunderland. The South Sea Scheme, however, in 1720, caused the downfall of this Administration, and brought back Walpole, who remained undisputed Prime Minister of England for twenty-one years. The most important measure of this reign, for our present purpose here, was the attempt of the Ministers, in 1718-19, to carry a bill for the limitation of the numbers of the Peerage, which, happily for the constitution of our country, was defeated by the joint efforts of Walpole and the Tories. Had that measure been carried, our present work would have been both shorter and easier, but the balance between the three bodies which compose the Legislature would have been destroyed, and the Upper House have been reduced to a mere Chamber of powerful nobles.

When George came to the throne, the efforts of the Stuart to regain his throne had not been abandoned, and at any moment, it was felt, Prince Charles might try to land and claim his own again. The Hanoverian line, as was proved by the events of the following year, was far from being safe on the throne; and the King and his Ministers found it was necessary to spare no pains to turn neutrals into adherents, and adherents into partisans, and to conciliate opponents by a judicious distribution of "stars and garters," and the more durable rewards of peerages.

Naturally, his first step was to make his eldest son (afterwards George II.) a peer; and he created him Duke of Cambridge (1). Before the close of the year, he had raised Lord Chandos to the Earldom of Carnarvon (2); Lord Rockingham to the Earldom of Rockingham (3); Lord Ossulston to that of Tankerville (4); Lord Halifax to the Earldom of Halifax* (5); Lord Guernsey to that of Aylesford (6); Lord Hervey to that of Bristol (7); Lord Allan to that of Clare (8); and Lord Paget to that of Uxbridge (9). He next bestowed English peerages on four Irish peers, the Viscountcy of Tadmor (10), and the Baronies of Saunderson (11), Harborough (12), and Pierrepont (13), on the Marquis of Thomond, Viscount Castleton, Lord Sherard, and Lord Pierrepont respectively. The Hon. Henry Boyle, M.P. for Westminster and for the University of Cambridge, and who afterwards filled some high ministerial posts, was created Lord Carleton (14); Sir Richard Temple, of Stowe, Bart., was made Lord Cobham (15); the Lady Carteret was made Countess Granville (16); and the Earl of Wharton was raised to the Marquisate of Wharton (17).

It was doubtless worth while to secure the good will of so wealthy and influential a person as Lord Chandos, who by his magnificence had even then acquired the appellation of "the Princely," and whose palace of "Canon's Park," near Edgware, still lives, like its successor Stowe, in the records of departed greatness. The owner of Rockingham Castle, in Northamptonshire, and of Lees Court, in Kent, was a person of great influence in the central counties; as also was Bennet Lord Ossulston, more especially after his marriage with the heiress of Tankerville. We have heard of Lord Halifax in the previous reign (see Chapter I. No. 48). We now find him acting as one of the Commissioners of the union with Scotland, and the great votary and patron of literature. To the earldom of Aylesford, Lord Guernsey had perhaps some claim, as having held a high position in the law; and being now appointed Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster. Lord Hervey's claims to the Earldom of Bristol rested on his wealth, the antiquity of his family in Suffolk, and (as Collins says) "his having always appeared in the interests of our sovereign King George, and having strenuously assisted his succession to the Crown of these realms." For a similar reason, Lord Pelham, having inherited the wealth of his relative, Holles, Duke of Newcastle (see Chapter I. No. 35), was raised to his Earldom of Clare. Lord Paget (see Chapter II., No. 35) having been sent as Envoy to the Elector of Hanover, and having been one of the Admiralty Council, may be thought to have been properly rewarded with the Earldom of Uxbridge. The chief claim of the Earl of Thomond, we believe, must be sought in the fact that he had married the daughter of the Duke of Somerset. Lord Castleton was wealthy, and owned many broad acres in Yorkshire, which have passed into the hands of the family of Lord Scarborough. Lord Pierrepont may have been helped on to his peerage by the fact that his wife was one of the Pelhams. Of Lord Harborough's claims we can learn nothing, except that he had good means and a proud descent. Sir Richard Temple, Bart., besides being the owner of Stowe, had acquired high renown as an officer under Marlborough in Flanders; Lady Carteret had recently succeeded her nephew, the Earl of Bath, in the vast estates belonging to that title; and Lord Wharton's advancement to the Marquisate was but the filling up of his cup of reward for the activity with which he had espoused the cause of King William (see Chapter II., No. 17).

In the next year (1715), but before the change of Ministry of which we have spoken, the eldest sons of the Marquis of Lindsey and of the Earl of Scarborough were called to the Upper House in their respective fathers' baronies of Willoughby d'Eresby (18) and Lumley (19).

In the year 1716, the Earl of Nottingham was removed from the Ministry, which thenceforth became purely Whig. The nephew and heir of the late Earl of Halifax (see Chapter I., No. 48, and also above, No. 5) was made Earl of Halifax (20); the title, however, became again extinct before the end of the last century. The Marquis of Lindsey (see Chapter II., No. 14) was raised to the dukedom of Ancaster (21), the Marquis of Dorchester (see Chapter II., No. 15) became Duke of Kingston (22); and the Earl of Clare (see Chapter I., No. 35), Duke of Newcastle (23). These promotions were all dictated by political interest.

Lord Saunderson now gained a step in the English peerage as Viscount Castleton (24); Lord Clanbrassill, an Irish peer, was created Lord Coningsby (25), his daughter also shortly afterwards being created Viscountess Coningsby (26); Sir Richard Onslow, Bart., was raised to the peerage as Lord Onslow (27); the Hon. Thomas Newport as Lord Torrington (28); Mr. W. Cadogan as Lord Cadogan (29) and Sir Robert Marsham, Bart., as Lord Romney (30). The king's brother, Prince Ernest Augustus, was created Duke of York and Albany (31), which title became extinct in 1728. Sir Thomas Parker, Knt., Chief Justice of the King's Bench, was made Lord Parker (32): we shall hear of him again as Lord Chancellor and Earl of Macclesfield. St. John, the father of Lord Bolingbroke, was created Viscount St. John (33); George Cholmondeley, a relative of the Earl of that name, was created Lord Newburgh (34); and Bentinck, Earl of Portland (see Chapter I., No. 24), was raised to the Dukedom (35) of Portland, which is still borne by that family.

The above titles—with the exception of that conferred on royalty, the legal Barony of Parker, and the Barony of Onslow, which was conferred on a statesman who had been Speaker of the House of Commons and was now Chancellor of the Exchequer—are all in harmony with those previously mentioned, arising not out of great political merits and services which they were intended to reward, but out of great political exigencies which required the Administration to be supported even at a heavy sacrifice.

In April, 1717, Townshend was dismissed, and Sir Robert Walpole resigned. "With him retired the Duke of Devonshire, the Earl of Orford, Methuen, and Pulteney; and strong, indeed," observes Mr. G. W. Cooke ("History of Party," Vol. I., p. 72), "must have been the party which could afford to throw such men as these into opposition." By the new arrangements, Stanhope became First Lord of the Treasury and Chancellor of the Exchequer, and Sunderland and Addison became Secretaries of State.

As may be expected, the first name which meets us in the list of new creations is that of Stanhope, who had greatly distinguished himself, in the reign of Anne, as Commander-in-Chief of the British forces in Spain, and more especially by the reduction of Port Mahon, in the island of Minorca. He was created Viscount Stanhope (36). At the same time, the Yelvertons, Viscounts Longueville (see Chapter I., No. 21), were raised to the Earldom of Sussex (37).

Next year (1718), Prince Frederick Lewis, eldest son of the Prince of Wales, was created Duke of Gloucester (38). He did not live to succeed to the British throne, but he afterwards became the father of George III. The Marquis of Wharton now reached the highest grade of the peerage as Duke of Wharton (39). Lord Cowper (see Chapter II., No. 21), was advanced to the earldom (40) still enjoyed by his descendants. He had been Lord High Chancellor, and in 1716-7 he had presided as Lord High Steward of Great Britain over the trials of the Scottish rebels. At the same time Viscount Stanhope (see above, No. 36) was raised to the Earldom of Stanhope (41), and Temple Lord Cobham (see above, No. 15), to the Viscountcy of Cobham (42), with remainder to his sister, Lady Hester Grenville, who thus paved the way for the rise of the family of the present ducal house of Buckingham. Lord Cadogan also (see above, No. 29), was raised to the Earldom of Cadogan (43), and the eldest son of the Duke of Bolton (who was Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland), was summoned in his father's barony of St. John of Basing (44). Lord Harborough (see above, No. 12), was promoted to the Viscountcy of Sherard (45), and the eldest son of the Duke of Kent was summoned to the House of Peers in his father's Barony of Lucas (46).

In the following year (1719), Brydges, Earl of Carnarvon (see above, No. 2), attained the height of political ambition, by being created Duke of Chandos (47), a title absorbed in that of Buckingham almost within our own days. The Scotch Duke of Argyll also exchanged the Earldom (see Chapter II., No. 11) for the Dukedom of Greenwich (48).

Since the days of James II., who raised one of his mistresses to the Peerage, as Countess of Darlington, we meet with no fresh creations in favour of court ladies of doubtful reputation until the year of which we are treating, when Erangard Melosina de Schulenberg, a mistress of George I., was created by him Duchess of Kendal (49) *for life only*. In the same year, Lord Coningsby (see above, Nos. 25 and 26) was created Earl of Coningsby (50), with remainder to his daughter; and Montagu, Earl of Manchester, was raised to the Dukedom of Manchester (51). He had opposed the arbitrary measures of James II., and was one of the first to espouse the cause of William; he took also an active part in William's Irish campaign, and was present at the battle of the Boyne and at the siege of Limerick. As he was subsequently appointed Ambassador at Venice, at Paris, and at Vienna, and was one of the Lords of the Bedchamber, and Principal Secretary of State under George I., we may consider that the dukedom was not an inappropriate reward of his long political services. In the same year Viscount Sherard (see above, No. 12) was created Earl of Harborough (52); this title became extinct only about two years ago.

In the following year (1720) we find the viscountcy of Castleton (see above, No. 24) raised into an earldom (53), and Sackville, Earl of Dorset, was advanced to the dukedom of Dorset (54), which has become extinct only within our own memory. He was the son of Pope's

"Dorset, the grace of court, the muse's pride;"

* This title became extinct in 1715, but was immediately renewed. See below.



and his elevation to the ducal rank must be considered as rather a testimony borne to the worth of himself and the ancient family of which he was the representative, than as actually won by public services hitherto. He subsequently, indeed, held the office of Lord Steward of the Household, both under George I. and George II., and was Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland in 1730-6, and again in 1751-4, besides holding the Presidency of the Council and several high appointments about the court. About the same time, Scroop Egerton, Earl of Bridgewater, obtained the Dukedom of Bridgewater (55), to which the last duke added so much renown by his genius for engineering pursuits. He (the 1st Duke) had held the post of Master of the Horse to Prince George of Denmark in the reign of Queen Anne, and had been a Gentleman of the Bedchamber to George I.

In the same year the following names, which still stand in "Burke" and "Lodge," found their way into the roll of the peerage. Wallop, as Viscount Lymington (56); Boscawen, as Viscount Falmouth (57); Moreton, as Lord Ducie (58); and Byng, as Viscount Torrington (59). Hugh Fortescue, of Castle Hill, Devon, was also summoned as representative of one of the co-heirs of the abeyant Barony of Clinton (60). Lord Harcourt (see Chap. II., No. 28) was created Viscount Harcourt (61); Nicholas Lechmere, an eminent lawyer, having filled the posts of Solicitor and Attorney General, was raised to the peerage as Lord Lechmere (62); he was also Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster. Lord Parker, too (see above, No. 32), was raised to the Earldom of Macclesfield (63) a year or two after his appointment to the post of Lord Chancellor. His subsequent impeachment, when he was fined £30,000 on charges of corruption, is a matter of history.

The following year (1721) witnessed no fresh creation, and only a single elevation in the Peerage, viz., that of Lord Lempster (see Chap. I. 25) to the Earldom of Pomfret (64).

In 1722 the only four additions to the peerage consisted of two ladies, court favourites, and the eldest sons of two Scottish peers. Of the former, one was the King's German mistress, the wife of Baron Kilmansegg, whom he raised to the rank of Countess of Darlington (65); and the other was Melosina de Schulenberg, the King's natural daughter, and wife of Philip, the celebrated Earl of Chesterfield. This lady he created Countess of Walsingham (66) *for life*. The Scotch peers whose sons obtained seats this year in the House of Lords, were the Dukes of Montrose and Roxburghe; the titles conferred on them respectively were those of Earl Graham (67) and Earl Ker (68). The eldest son of the Duke of Somerset too was summoned as Lord Percy (69), in right of his mother.

Next year (1723) the elevations were only two, and one of them was such as to involve no permanent addition to the roll of the House; the eldest son of Viscount Townshend being summoned in his father's barony of Townshend (70), while Robert Walpole the younger (eldest son of the Premier) was created Baron Walpole (71), with a special remainder to his uncles.

In 1724 there were no peerage creations.

The year 1725 witnessed only one addition to the peerage, in the person of Sir Peter King, Knt., Lord Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, who was created Lord King (72), and almost immediately afterwards was appointed Lord Macclesfield's successor on the woolsack.

The only other additions to the peerage during the remainder of this reign were two, both titles being conferred on Princes of royal blood. The Duke of Gloucester was created Earl of Eltham and Duke of Edinburgh (73), and Prince William Augustus, second son of the Prince of Wales, was created Duke of Cumberland (74)—the same who defeated the forces of the young Pretender at Culloden, some twenty years afterwards.

The following summary gives an epitome of the creations of this reign:—

Making allowance for five peerages bestowed on royal personages and three on court favourites of questionable repute, we find the army represented (not, however, without an admixture of political interest) in Lords Stanhope and Cobham and the Duke of Argyll; while the conflict of parties gave such an increased importance to legal studies as subsidiary to political life, that the Law Lords of this reign are no less than five, the list including four Lord Chancellors. The navy is represented in this reign as regards peerage creations by one only title, that of Byng, Viscount Torrington. The eldest sons of six powerful peers were summoned to the House of Lords in their fathers' lifetime; and there remain a balance of forty-nine peerages which must be ascribed in the lump to the score of politics. Out of these, three—viz., the titles of Halifax, Onslow, Manchester—may be set down as the rewards of political merit, but the rest, we fear, must be considered as having taken their rise out of political exigencies, and bestowed either to aggrandize ambitious partizans, or as sops to the political Cerberus.

(To be continued.)

MODERN ENGLISH WOMEN.—No. XIV.

THE FEAR OF THE WORLD.

FEAR of the world is neither wholly to be commended nor wholly to be condemned. It is good as one of the bases of organized society; it is bad when of such servile excess of practice that freedom and individuality are crushed beneath it; good as the sign of shrinking in the modest, as the sign of obedience in the humble; bad when evidence of moral slavishness and the absence of self-respect. Without it we should be barbarians, owning no law; with it we are in danger of being slaves, losing our liberty; in due proportion, fitly administered, we find it one of the strongest safeguards of society, acting as a beneficent curb while giving a loose tether and a long rope. Women are social cowards, and therefore hold the world in supremest fear. They follow the fashion wheresoever it may tend, and echo the voice of the majority whatever the words spoken. They are afraid of everything individual; afraid of originality and of backwardness, of dowdiness and of dashiness, of marching in the van and of lagging in the rear; they like to make

a rush altogether, and to sign their adhesion in a round robin where no name comes first. They are diligent followers of Mrs. Grundy; and it is a strange truth that when, by chance, any among them fall away from her worship, they generally stop before undesirable by-altars, where they pay their offerings in questionable guise enough. The strong-minded woman is one of these recusants to the old Grundyite traditions; so is the rude boy-woman,—blunt, unlovely, unwomanly, with her affectation of mannishness in speech and costume, and her cynical repudiation of all purely feminine attractions; so is the fast young lady, who flavours her discourse with the choicest slang, and tries how near danger she can sail without wrecking herself upon the bar; so, indeed, in a manner, are all women who think and act for themselves. But then there may be noble recusants as well as ignoble, and of those who have cast off the fear of the world, some are among our most glorious social heroines, while others are mere rude-handed iconoclasts, who break the image of the Divine for no better cause than wantonness and mischief.

One of the worst forms which the fear of the world can take is, when it makes a woman extravagant and ostentatious, because she is afraid to look poorer than her neighbours; or no richer than she is. She must live in a fashionable neighbourhood—fashionable at least comparatively, and always a stage above her rightful standing-place; she must organize her household on the same apparent scale as those of the richer among her friends; give such dinner-parties as they give, or expensive balls or suppers, if balls and suppers come into the order of their being; have the same roll-call of servants (but of what quality?) and the same manner of house; she must wear the same kind of dresses, no matter how intrinsically inferior the material, and give her children the same pleasures and circumstances; in a word, she must make the same appearance, though her husband has not half the income of theirs, and her family has to suffer in all the essentials of the home life. With such a woman as this, the whole of life is a sham; a hiding away within doors of all the tags and ends of shabbiness, that the world outside may receive a false impression, and give her credit for an income which she has not got, and which every one who cares to think knows she has not got. Take the case of a professional man who makes, say, five or six hundred a year. This is enough for comfort, respectability, educational advantages for the children, moderate pleasures for themselves, ease of living, happiness; but it is not enough for show or expensive luxury. Yet the wife has the fear of the world before her eyes, and so organizes her household that she may have the appearance of possessing two or three hundred more than the truth. She lives in a grand-looking street, and the rent eats them up; the furniture is shabby, even when it is showy, and, where the world does not penetrate, it is almost squalid; she wears finery over rags, and dresses her children in velvet coats, with underclothing unwashed, unmended, and insufficient; she gives dinners in their due course, where everything is mock and show, where the wines are execrable, the entrées vile, and the pastry what no one this side of starvation would eat, all badly served by incompetent waiters, with insufferable fineness and pretension in their offices. A homely meal, in the perfection of its simplicity, and with only the ordinary female servants of the house to assist, would be a degradation she could not submit to; for such and such things belong to her station, she argues, and she must do as the rest. Oh, the pitiful folly and meanness of this kind of life!—the misery that follows on this fatal "fear of the world!"—the ruined homes, the degraded lives, the energies and powers debased to the mere bolstering up of lies, which this passion for appearances has engendered! We have all seen instances of the like; humiliating and lamentable beyond words, but for the most part impossible to reform. The fear of the world has gone too deep with such, and we know how quickly self-respect gets swallowed up in its morass. This striving to do what we can not, and to seem what we are not, may be counted as one of the sharpest of the many thorns set round the brow of suffering truth; and she who, with a firm free hand, shall pluck them boldly out and burn them in the fire together with the chaff and the tares, will earn the thanks of the generations, and the gratitude of a liberated world.

Another very general form of fear of the world, is to be found in personal fine-ladyism—the fine-ladyism which dares not be useful or helpful, in dread of what people will say; for to do your own business argues that you have no one to do it for you, and that is a state of things no woman of spirit could endure. To save the tradesman's errand-boy by carrying her own parcel, or to assist the servants in their house-work, would seem to many women the last extreme of social degradation; yet an Englishwoman of rank has been known to sweep up the hearth and brush the bars of the grate, in her poorer friend's sick room, because the slovenly lodging-house girl was noisy and untidy; and a French marquise, of the true old St. Germain blood, has carried home pots of flowers from the Madeleine, to save the little widow the trouble of sending them. There are few rich tradesmen's wives who would do the same, supposing that they aimed at the character of "real ladies," and fewer still of the moneyless aspirants to the position of the wealthy. But women are so often in extremes, that she who would dare to do servants' work, would be desperately in danger of making herself fit for nothing else—attaining to perfection in the useful and mechanical by neglecting the intellectual and the spiritual—getting only to the full use of her hands, by losing the better purpose of her brain. On such as these, the fear of the world, as exemplified in fine-ladyism, has perhaps somewhat of a beneficent influence; if indeed it be beneficent to keep the weak under one form of

debility instead of under another; or of two erring ways to choose either, when neither brings you to your place of rest. The weak women, whose fear of the world is most craven while it lasts, are always the most extreme in their rebellion, when they have flung off the badge and gone over to the enemy.

ON THE STRUCTURE AND GROWTH OF THE ELEMENTARY PARTS (CELLS) OF LIVING BEINGS.

THERE are few things more interesting, and at the same time more difficult and obscure, than the investigation of the first steps in the processes of life and vegetation; and it is therefore not to be wondered at that the learned Professor of Anatomy and Physiology at King's College, Dr. Lionel S. Beale, attracted much attention at the late meeting of the British Association at Manchester, by his valuable communication on the structure and growth of the elementary parts, or cells, of living beings.

As Dr. Beale's paper was of considerable length, it will not be possible for us to insert even a condensed report of it. We shall therefore give the summary of the conclusions which follows the paper, and endeavour to explain the general nature of the views at which he has arrived. The explanation of the figures will put our readers in possession of the chief points brought forward in the paper, and in comparatively few words. The summary of the conclusions is as follows:—

"1. That all tissues consist of elementary parts, and that each elementary part (cell) is composed of matter in two states—*germinal matter* and *formed material*. The first is *forming*, or *undergoing* conversion into some special substance. The last is *formed*, and has *undergone* this change."

"2. That the only part of the matter of which living structures are composed, which possesses the power of selecting pabulum, and of transforming this into various substances; of growing, multiplying, and forming tissue; is what has been termed *germinal matter*."

"3. That the powers of growth of this germinal matter are infinite; but for the manifestation of the powers, even in a limited degree, certain conditions must be present. Growth always occurs, under certain restrictions."

"4. Germinal matter is composed of spherical particles, and each of these of smaller spherules. New centres of growth originate in the spherical masses. Nuclei, therefore, are not formed first, and other structures built up around them, but nuclei are new centres, originating in pre-existing germinal matter."

"5. That all tissue (cell-wall, intercellular substance, &c.) was once in the state of germinal matter, and resulted from changes occurring in the oldest particles of the masses of germinal matter."

"6. That 'intercellular substance' corresponds with the 'cell wall' of a single 'cell,' and that there is no more reason for concluding that this structure results from any inherent power to form matrix, or that the intercellular substance is simply deposited from the nutrient fluid, than for believing that the capsule of mildew can grow independently of the matter it encloses, or be formed by being precipitated from the medium which surrounds it (see below). There is a period in the existence of cartilage and allied structures in which there are no true *cells* or *intercellular substance*."

"7. In nutrition the inanimate matter permeates the formed material, and passes into the germinal matter, where it undergoes conversion into this substance. The older particles of germinal matter become converted into formed material. Growth, therefore, always takes place *from centre to circumference*."

"8. That the relative proportion of germinal matter and formed material varies greatly in different elementary parts, in the same elementary part at different periods of its growth, and in the same tissue under different circumstances. The more rapidly growth proceeds, the larger the amount of germinal matter produced in proportion to the formed material."

"9. That in all living beings the matter upon which existence depends is the germinal matter, and in all living structures the germinal matter possesses the same general characters, although its powers and the results of its life are so very different."

Fig. 1.

Fig. 2.

Fig. 3.

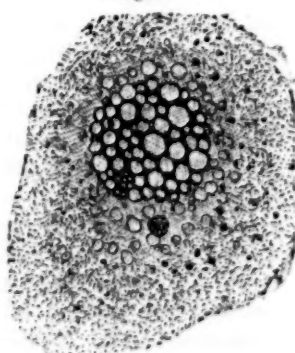
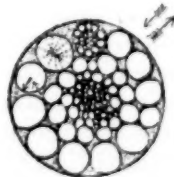
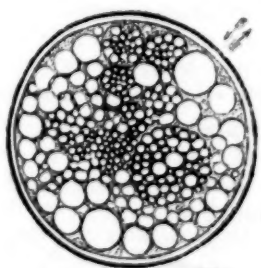


Fig. 4.

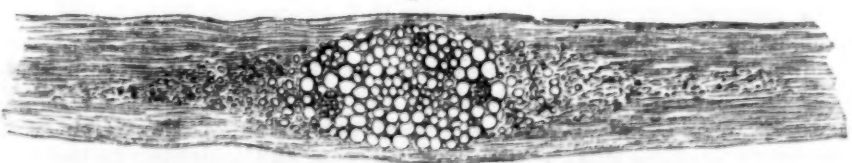
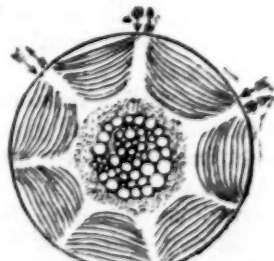
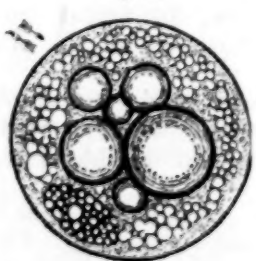


Fig. 5.

Fig. 6.



Figs. 1 to 6 are diagrams intended to illustrate Dr. Beale's view of the structure of different forms of cells or elementary parts.

Fig. 1 is an elementary part, consisting of a thin envelope or investing membrane (cell wall), which is passive, and the *germinal matter*, which is active, and living, and is composed of spherical particles. Each spherical particle is supposed to be made up of smaller spherules, and these of still smaller ones, and so on. The collection of spherules with dark outlines to the right, and below the centre, of the figure, is ordinarily termed the *nucleus*; Dr. Beale regards this as *germinal matter* in a comparatively quiescent state, which may become active at a subsequent period, and give rise to the development of new elementary parts. The envelope cell wall (*formed material*) was once *germinal matter*.

Fig. 2 is intended to represent the supposed structure of one of the smallest particles of the living germinal matter in Fig. 1. The spherules are free to move in fluid, and the fluid will contain the pabulum which is to be converted into new living particles, the *débris* resulting from changes in the oldest particles, as well as the matter which is not selected by the living particles.

Fig. 3 exhibits the structure of an elementary part, the *formed material* of which is, at its outer part, undergoing change, and being converted into, or breaking down to form, the constituents of a secretion. It is supposed that the bile is thus formed by an alteration occurring in the oldest part of the formed material of the liver cell. There is no cell wall or investing membrane as in Fig. 1.

Fig. 4 shows the relation between the *germinal matter* and the *formed material* of ordinary tendon; the outer part of the germinal matter is itself gradually converted into the firm fibrous tissue of the tendon. The oldest portion of the fibrous tissue will be that which is furthest from the masses of germinal matter.

Fig. 5 illustrates the manner in which various substances may be formed and deposited amongst the germinal matter. It is held that the starch in a starch "cell," and the fat in a fat "cell," result from changes in the germinal matter, the globules of starch or fat thus formed could not escape, and the same changes continuing to take place, the insoluble substance accumulates, and at last the germinal matter occupies a position between this and the cell wall. The *primordial utricle* (germinal matter) of the starch cell, and the *nucleus* (germinal matter) of the fat cell, are always found between the matter (starch or fat) deposited within the "cell" and its "wall" or envelope of formed material.

Fig. 6 shows how the *formed material* may be thickened by the deposition, layer after layer, of substance on its inner surface. The thickness increases as long as the germinal matter within continues alive. This living germinal matter attracts nutrient material, and currents exist to and from it. It undergoes conversion into *formed material*. The deposition of the formed material takes place in those parts where the currents are least active, and in this situation, after the wall has become impervious, stagnation of the fluids must occur, and thus a condition favourable to the deposition of insoluble matter is brought about.

Fig. 7.

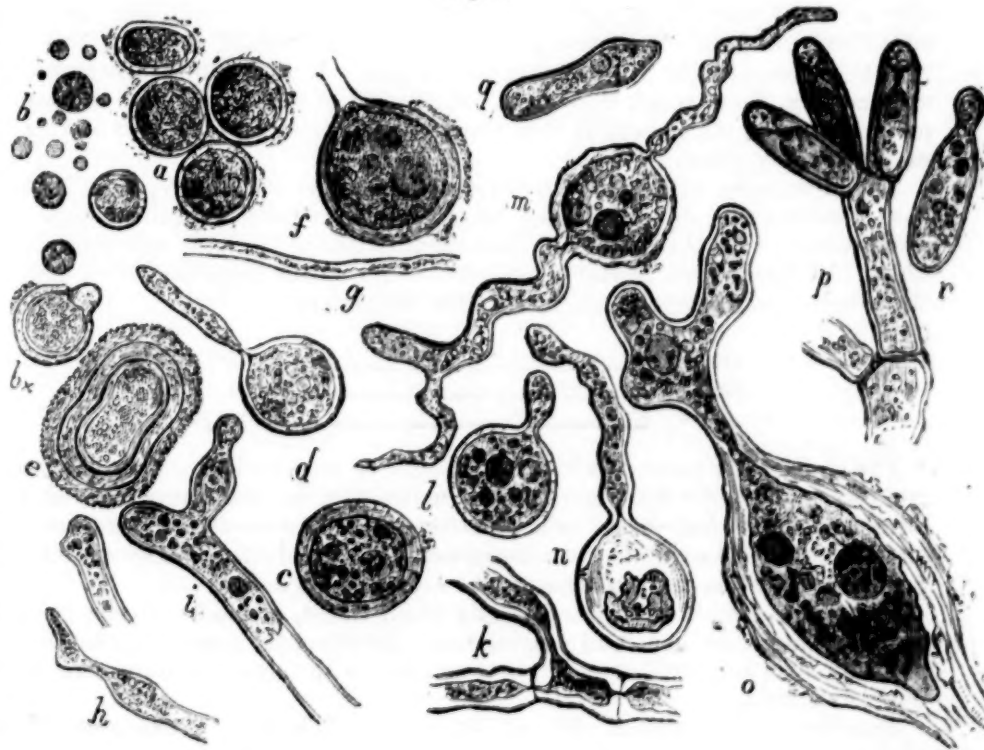


Fig. 7 represents the changes observed during the germination and growth of ordinary mildew as seen with the aid of a very high power, magnifying 1,700 diameters, lately made for Dr. Beale by Messrs. Powell & Lealand. a. Spores, which may be blown about in the air, slightly swollen from the absorption of fluid, and consisting of an envelope of *formed material* outside and *germinal matter* within. b. Spherical particles of germinal matter set free from a spore. Every one of these is capable of growth. b*. Spore, with its external envelope of formed material ruptured. c. Spherical particles of germinal matter within the spore increasing in size and dividing. Pores visible in envelope. d. Some of the particles of germinal matter have increased at one point, and have extended from the spore. They continue to grow rapidly, being protected only by a very thin layer of *formed material*. e. A spore which has much increased in size, but from which no off-shoot has proceeded. Several thick layers of formed material are seen. The oldest layer is outside, the youngest in immediate contact with the germinal matter. f. A spore from which an off-shoot has proceeded. The germinal matter of the off-shoot has been destroyed, while that of the spore retains its vitality. g. A part of the thallus, the germinal matter of which is dead. The external tubular membrane retains the same physical characters which it possessed when the included germinal matter was alive. h. Portions of thallus in which the germinal matter is increasing most rapidly in certain spots. Here branches are formed. i. A young branch growing. k. An older part of the thallus, showing the septa of formed material and the points at which the germinal matter was originally continuous. The *formed material* is thicker than in h or i, and the germinal matter is a little shrunk within its tube. l. A spore

from which an off-shoot has proceeded. The formed material is seen to be very thin at the summit, where growth is occurring most rapidly. *m.* Spore with two off-shoots from opposite surfaces. These are growing and are giving off branches, but the continuity between the germinal matter in these and that in the spore still exists. *n.* The germinal matter of the spore is dead, and forms a mass which has collapsed within the envelope, while the germinal matter in the off-shoot retains its vitality and is growing rapidly. *o.* A very old spore which has germinated and given off an off-shoot. From having been exposed to conditions unfavourable to its free extension, the *formed material* has increased enormously in thickness by the deposition of successive layers upon its internal surface. *p.* A part of one of the stems which grows into the air, bearing on its summit oval capsules, from the germinal matter of which the spores, *a*, are formed. *r.* A separate capsule.

Fig. 8.

Fig. 9.

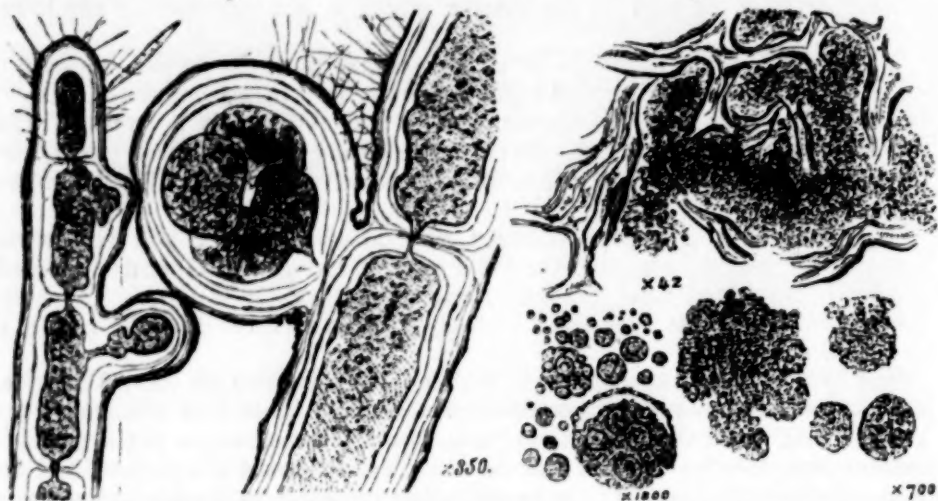
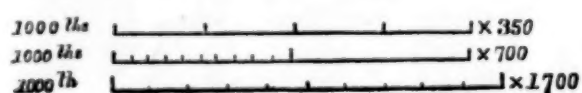


Fig. 8 represents two pieces of the stem of a sea-weed. *a.* The summit of a growing shoot. Small vegetable organisms were growing upon every part of outer layer of the formed material; but these are only represented in the upper part of the drawing. The external membrane is increased in thickness by the deposition of new layers from the germinal matter. The continuity between the masses of germinal matter is still seen, and the manner in which buds are formed is represented. *b.* From an older part of the stem, showing the mode of formation of the spores.

Fig. 9 represents a thin section of a very rapidly-growing fungus of simple structure, which reached the size of a small pear in a single night. At *a* are seen portions of the simple membranous walls of large spaces which contained the masses of germinal matter. *b.* Some of the smallest masses of germinal matter, entire and separated into their component spherules. It was not possible to demonstrate the *formed material* in many specimens. These *rapidly-growing* masses, with scarcely any *formed material*, contrast remarkably with the particles of mildew, *c, o*, Fig. 7, in which growth has occurred very slowly, and, in consequence, the envelope of formed material forms a very thick investment to the germinal matter. If a living structure grows very rapidly, there is not time for the formation of firm hard tissue or formed material, but if the growth is very slow, the thickness and density of this is proportionably great.

The dimensions of any of the objects represented in Figs. 7, 8, and 9 are easily ascertained, by comparing them with the scales magnified with the same powers. In the first scale, four-thousandths of an inch are seen magnified 350 diameters; in the second, two-thousandths magnified 700; and in the third, one-thousandth magnified 1700 diameters.



The elementary parts of which the tissues of man and the higher animals are composed differ from each other materially in the properties of the formed material, but the germinal matter bears to the formed material the same relation and exhibits the same general characters in all. During life the germinal matter is continuous with the formed material.

The *formed material* may be perfectly fluid, viscid, or solid. It may be contractile, elastic, or firm and unyielding; transparent, granular, fibrous, or perfectly opaque; or, it may be, impregnated with inorganic salts, like shell, bone, and teeth.

The elementary parts of the cuticle, hair, and horn are composed of an oval mass of germinal matter surrounded by a layer of hard formed material, which increases in thickness as the elementary part advances towards its fully developed form. The formed material of the youngest elementary parts is *continuous*, but as they grow older, a fissure occurs in the formed material, and gradually each mass of germinal matter is seen to be surrounded with its own formed material and constitutes a single "cell" or elementary part. In mucus the formed material is soft and is continuous, so that a portion of mucus is seen to contain a number of round or oval masses of germinal matter, separated from each other by, or imbedded in, soft formed material, an arrangement resembling that which exists in the amoeba. In cartilage the relation of the germinal matter to the formed material, and the arrangement of the latter are the same, but its composition and physical characters are, of course, very different. The formed material of tendon is composed of parallel bands of fibres among which are rows of oval masses of germinal matter from which the fibrous material is produced. (Fig. 4.) In bone, in ivory, and in the dentine of teeth, the formed material becomes gradually impregnated with calcareous matter, which is deposited in granules and globules, which coalesce and ultimately combine with the organic *formed material*. In the former structure, which is continually being removed and reformed, spaces for the free transmission of fluid are left between the calcareous masses, and these become the *canaliculi*. In the latter structure, which is not removed and replaced, the formed material is slowly impregnated with the calcareous matter from without inwards, and the tissue formed accumulates as life advances, or is gradually worn away.

Dr. Beale's view, therefore, is shortly this:—that the elementary parts of which every living structure is made up, are composed of matter

in different stages of existence; that which is within being in an *active state* capable of communicating its powers to certain substances (nutrient material) coming into contact with it, and animating these,—of growing infinitely,—while the outer structure, often taking the form of a protective covering or envelope, was once in the state just described, but is now *formed*, and has lost all these wonderful powers. The nutrient matter always passes through this outer substance into the interior, where it becomes living. Arguments are advanced which go far to prove that every elementary part of every tissue is slowly or quickly passing through these definite changes, which occur constantly in one direction. So that when we examine any one elementary part, we see in it—1. Matter which, just before it came under observation, was but inanimate pabulum or nutrient matter; 2. Matter which has existed for a certain time in an active state; and 3. Matter which has ceased to be capable of growing and multiplying, but which possesses certain definite properties, dependent upon the powers of the matter from which it was formed. This last or *formed material* is often seen to be composed of several layers, and the outer layer is always the *oldest*, and the innermost layer is always that which was *last produced*. The oldest layers are gradually broken down and removed, as their place is taken by new ones produced from within. So the entire organism passes through certain stages of existence, in obedience to powers which have been directly derived from its predecessors, and every individual part is formed from a preëxisting part. The matter, of which the active part of the structure consists, grows, and possesses for a time the power of animating lifeless matter; it passes through certain phases of existence, and is converted into the substance or tissue, the production of which is the object fulfilled by its life, and this, after performing certain offices for a longer or shorter period of time, gradually loses its properties, becomes unable to resist the destructive agencies to which it is exposed, is converted into new compounds, and removed. This disintegration in some tissues takes place so slowly that it is difficult to obtain positive evidence of its occurrence, while in others it occurs so rapidly that no direct proof of the passage of the particles of matter through the different stages can be advanced.

Matter in its active state, which is termed by Dr. Beale *germinal matter*, is soft from the large quantity of water it contains, and is composed of spherical particles free to move in fluid. It possesses the power of retaining certain colouring matters by which it is distinguished from the *formed material* into which it is to be converted. It exhibits the same general character in all classes of living beings, so that it is not possible, Dr. Beale affirms, to distinguish the essential active living part of a structure taken from the body of man, from that obtained from one of the lowest and simplest beings with which we are acquainted. Yet this *germinal matter*, which grows in the same way in all, exhibits the most wonderful differences in *power*. In one case the result of its growth is the production of the most elaborate tissue of one of the higher animals; in another case it produces the tissue of a simple fungus. The difference in results depends upon a difference in *power*, and the power is dependent upon the power of the living matter from which it was derived. Here, then, is the most remarkable difference of power, combined with a resemblance in appearance, in physical properties, and in the action of certain tests.

ON A "BATHOMETER," OR INSTRUMENT TO INDICATE THE DEPTH OF THE SEA ON BOARD SHIP, WITHOUT SUBMERGING A LINE.

THOSE who are acquainted with the difficulties and expense attending the taking of deep-sea soundings by means of a weighted line will readily perceive, that an instrument capable of indicating depths upon a graduated scale in the cabin of the vessel, would be of great advantage as a means of extending our knowledge of ocean geography. In laying submarine telegraph cables through deep seas, such an instrument would certainly be invaluable.

It occurred to Mr. Siemens that the total attractive force of the earth must be sensibly influenced by the interposition of a comparatively light substance, such as sea-water, between the vessel and the solid portion of the earth below. This he demonstrated geometrically as follows:—

Assuming the earth to be a perfect sphere of uniform density, two lines are drawn from a point on the surface, so as to intersect the circumference at the semicircles. A line is then drawn through the two points of intersection which passes through the earth's centre and a second line parallel to it, touching the circle at its lowest point. It was next shown that, in dividing the solid cone represented by these lines into a number of slices of equal thickness, in a direction perpendicular to its axis, each slice would exercise the same amount of attractive force upon a body at the apex of the cone, the reason being that the mass of each slice increases in the proportion of the square of its distance from the apex, and the attractive force diminishes in the same ratio. It was thus demonstrated that the true centre of gravity of the earth, in reference to an attracted body on its surface, does not reside in its geometrical centre, but in a variable point between the centre and the attracted body. In dividing the sphere itself into slices of equal thickness, a mathematical expression was obtained, representing the attractive force of any of these slices; and in integrating this expression for a series of slices, commencing from the point of attraction, a formula was arrived at, showing that, for moderate depths, the attraction of the earth may be represented by a very obtuse cone, with two-thirds of the earth's radius for its height. If sea-water were of no weight, the total attraction of the earth would be diminished upon its surface, in the proportion as the depth, to two-thirds of the earth's radius; but, considering that sea-water has about one-third the weight (bulk for bulk) as the generality of rock, the actual diminution of gravitation was shown to take place in the proportion of the depth to the radius of the earth.

Accordingly, 1,000 fathoms of depth would produce a diminution by 1-3200th part of the total gravitation—a difference so small that it appears at first sight impossible to construct an instrument capable of indicating it with sufficient accuracy.

The instrument designed for this purpose consists of a tube containing mercury, diluted spirits of wine, and coloured juniper oil. The mercury column, about 30 inches high, ascends in a tube from the bottom of a large bulb containing imprisoned air, and terminates in the middle of a second bulb. The remainder of the second bulb is filled with the diluted spirits,

which reach upward into a narrow tube provided with a scale. Upon this rests a column of the coloured oil, which terminates in a third bulb, the remaining space being vacuous, or nearly so. This gauge is enclosed in a glass tube filled with distilled water, which in its turn is surrounded with ice contained in an outer casing. The latter is suspended by a universal joint. The air in the lower bulb being maintained in this way at a perfectly uniform temperature, will oppose a uniform elastic force against the column of mercury, which latter being removed from all atmospheric influences, fairly represents the gravitation of the earths.

In moving this instrument from shallow water upon a sea of 1,000 fathoms depth, the mercury column would rise 1-3200th foot of its length in the second bulb, but before any sensible alteration has taken place in the mercury level, the upper surface of the spirits of wine terminating in the narrow tube will have risen sufficiently to restore the balance of pressure, and the spirits being twenty times lighter than mercury, the scale of observation would be increased twenty fold. But the spirit column, in rising, displaces oil of very nearly the same specific gravity, which causes another increase of scale at least twenty fold. By these means a scale of three inches per 1,000 fathoms depth is obtained.

An instrument of this description was tried by permission of the Admiralty, and although it was still imperfect in some respects, its indications agreed generally within ten per cent. with the results of actual soundings. In the course of the interesting discussion which ensued, on the reading of a paper on this instrument at the recent British Association Meeting, Professor Tyndall suggested that the instrument would be equally applicable for measuring heights, and he proposed to try it with Mr. Siemens on the Cumberland hills during the Christmas vacation.

CONTEMPORARY SCIENCE.

On many occasions we have directed attention to different novel methods of producing artificial light: whether by making use of voltaic agency, as in the ordinary electric light; of the currents induced from magnets, as in the magnetic electric machine; of the cold but luminous glow of the "electric egg;" or of the intensely heated incandescent surface of lime at present shining at the South Foreland. From these regal exhibitions of light to the plebeian candle, the transition is sufficiently great; but even this humble agent proves an inexhaustible store of scientific novelties to those philosophers who rightly interrogate Nature, and know how to interpret her answers. The mine of wealth which Faraday drew last Christmas from this source, when he made the candle flame an exponent of some of the profoundest truths of natural science, must be familiar to most of our readers, and they will therefore be interested in hearing of some recent researches on the combustion of a candle which have been lately made by Dr. Frankland. This chemist, some of whose experiments on gas-burners are already recorded in these columns, on the occasion of an ascent to the summit of Mont Blanc, took with him some stearine candles, which had been carefully weighed at the foot of the mountain, and their loss during one hour's burning at that atmospheric pressure carefully noted. On reaching the summit these candles were again set burning, with the complete exclusion of draft, for the space of another hour.

Upon comparing the phenomena there noted with the results subsequently ascertained when the candles were again weighed on their return to a lower level, some curious facts were disclosed. It was proved that the rate of combustion was entirely unaffected by the pressure of the atmosphere; the loss in one hour's burning at the foot of the mountain, with the barometer at 30 inches, was exactly the same as the loss in one hour at the summit, when the barometer was only at 18 inches. The intensity of light evolved under these two circumstances was, however, very different. The blue non-luminous portion of the flame, which ordinarily does not rise to within a quarter of an inch of the apex of the wick, reached under the diminished pressure three-eighths of an inch above its usual limit, and the illuminating power was very considerably diminished. Upon returning to England these results were verified, and a series of experiments instituted with apparatus, whereby the atmospheric pressure in which the combustion was going on, as well as the amount of light evolved, could be accurately measured. Starting from a normal barometric pressure of 30 inches, and calling the light emitted by a candle burning in air of that density 100, it was found that the light fell to 75 on reducing the pressure to 24.9 inches, to 52.9 when reduced to 19.9 inches, and to 20.2 upon reducing the pressure to 13.6 inches. Rarefying the air still further, Dr. Frankland found that at a pressure of 9.6 inches of mercury, the illuminating power was reduced to 5.4; and finally, when the pressure was reduced down to 6.6 inches, the light evolved from the candle fell to 0.9, the fraction of a unit, not 1-100th part of that emitted by the same candle when burning away at the same rate at the ordinary pressure of the atmosphere.

Now, since the light diminishes to so great an extent by a decrease of atmospheric pressure, it became a matter of considerable interest to ascertain whether this effect extended upwards to higher pressures. Experiments were therefore tried at increased pressures; the combustible matter being burned in highly condensed, instead of rarified air, it was found that although the rate of combustion per hour was not increased, the proportion of light emitted was considerably augmented; a flame which evolved, as before, 100 units of light at the ordinary pressure of one atmosphere, giving out 263 units at two atmospheres, 406 at three atmospheres, and 950 at four atmospheres; the light being increased almost tenfold at this pressure: whilst if the law of increase proceed at the same rate, it would not require 100 atmospheres to enable a single candle to rival the electric light in brilliancy at no more expenditure of fuel than at present.

Many useful applications are likely to be made of this curious law. If the mechanical difficulties which necessarily beset the experimenter when working at these high pressures could be easily overcome, the value of these researches would be very great. A common candle could be made to yield any desired amount of light. Moving in a circle, the progress of science, after having taught us to give up tallow and oil in favour of the electric or lime light, now seems to bid us discard these costly means of illumination, and return once more to the classical oil lamp. Hitherto we have been ransacking nature and art for new combustibles, trying to gain more light by

modifications bearing upon one-half of the problem. Dr. Frankland now shows us that the atmosphere in which it is burned merits more attention than the fuel which burns, and that, returning to the primitive dip, we can equal or surpass all modern means of illumination, by burning our candle under increased atmospheric pressure.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

ARCHÆOLOGY.

ANCIENT GRAVES IN PERTSHIRE.—In the course of removing some stones from a knoll, near Kincardine, a large flag weighing nearly a ton was found, and under it a grave, of which the sides were formed of four flag stones placed on edge, a similar one forming the bottom. It contained the remains of a human body, which must have lain there many hundred years. From the size of the grave—3½ feet long, 2 feet wide, and 2 feet deep—the body, which was that of a full-grown person, could not have been laid at length. Another grave and several urns have been found in the locality. The troops of Agricola, on their march to the camp at Ardoch, passed through Gleneagles, and consequently near the spot indicated; some antiquarians, who have seen the place, conjecture that one of the urns recently discovered, which was inverted, and 18 inches high and 19 wide at the mouth, contained the burnt remains of a Roman officer who had died on the journey to Ardoch.

BOTANY.

MUSHROOMS EXTRAORDINARY.—M. Chevreuil has recently exhibited to the Academy of Sciences the result of the plan adopted by Dr. Labourdette for obtaining mushrooms, in the shape of an enormous mass of these fungi, weighing eight pounds, on a single stem, which has sprung up in the short space of six days. This plan of culture is as follows:—On a piece of marshy ground he spreads sand or gravel to the depth of seven or eight inches; on this he forms a second bed of plaster about three inches thick, and spreads over this two grammes of nitrate of potash to the square yard. From the white part of the mushroom he extracts, by means of a magnifier, the most developed mycelium, and sows it on the surface of the bed. The germination soon commences, and the vegetation becomes very active, and in a few days the bed is covered with monstrous mushrooms. The action of the saltpetre lasts for six years, and the mushrooms, as rich in nitrogen as the best food, form a very substantial nourishment.

ELECTRICITY.

ELECTRIC TENSION.—The Abbé Moigno, the talented editor of the *Paris Cosmos*, states that on the 9th inst. he saw M. Ruhmkorff pierce instantaneously, with his induction coil, giving off sparks upwards of seventeen inches in length, a mass of glass nearly two inches thick. This is one of the most astonishing experiments yet performed with that immensely powerful instrument.

NATURAL HISTORY.

CHINESE FISH.—We noticed some time ago in our columns (Vol. II. p. 766) the arrival of some Chinese fish in the Zoological Gardens. The aquarium of the College of France has recently been similarly enriched, but in a much more bountiful manner, by the acquisition of four or five thousand young fish, chosen from among the most *recherchées* and delicate to be found in the Chinese imperial preserves. These have been brought over by a Roman Catholic Chinaman, named Hovang-Hai, who has travelled six thousand (French) leagues with his precious charge contained in three large jars, of which he renewed the water in one only at each relay; when the distance traversed was longer than usual he broke an egg in each vase, and, thanks to this apparently unsubstantial food, he has arrived in France without losing one of his *protégés*, which, together with himself, were addressed to the Minister of Commerce. He has already communicated some valuable hints on pisciculture to those with whom he has come in contact, and the *résumé* of his process, contained in fifteen lines of Chinese letters, is about to be generally disseminated by means of a translation. Among these fish it seems possible to accumulate the following species. The *lo-in*, which should be called the king of fish, sometimes reaching the weight of 220 pounds, and measuring six or seven feet long; the flesh of this fish is as delicate as that of a Rhine salmon; in China it sells at about three half-pence the pound. Next after it come the *lien-in-wang* and the *kan-in*. These are slightly inferior in quality to the *lo-in*, although a rival in size. Another excellent species is the *lien-tse-in*, of which the ordinary weight is from 20 to 40 pounds, but it sometimes reaches 120. The *tsa-in* is another equally remarkable species, called in Paris the cow-fish, because it feeds on grass, its only food. Its flesh is very fine; the weight of a full-grown fish reaches 100 pounds. The *li-in* is a sort of carp of which the flesh is more delicate than that of the common kind; this reaches 30 pounds. The *ki-in* or *tsi-in* (*Cyprinus*) runs small, scarcely ever weighing 12 pounds, but no fish can equal it in the fineness and delicacy of its flesh.

CANINE SAGACITY.—A singular instance of this has recently occurred at Toulouse, where a dog, chased by some *gamins* who had tied a kettle to its tail, sought refuge in a police station, which, having gained, he entered without hesitation, and immediately assumed an attitude of complete security. The commissaire of police, upon seeking its owner, found that it belonged to a woman who some days before, being persecuted by these boys, had been to the same police station to lodge a complaint against them. On this errand she was accompanied by her dog, who, evidently noticing the protection afforded to its mistress, had come to seek it for itself.

OYSTER FISHERY.—We have before drawn attention to the artificial oyster-beds which have been formed round the coast of France under the direction of M. Coste and the Minister of Marine. Those in the river Auray, in Brittany, began their yield of the fish on the last day of last month, and the season, which was commenced with great festivity, promises to be a most successful one; 320 fishing-smacks, manned by 1,200 men, being fully employed, where before scarcely an oyster was to be seen. In the first hour no less than 350,000 oysters were brought aboard, and more than 20,000,000,

artificially produced, have been taken up to the present time. 'Auray will not soon forget the *fête* with which the sea-culture was inaugurated, furnishing employment for so many families, and creating a trade of so much importance and profit.

PHYSICS.

SLIDING OF GLACIERS.—It has long been observed that rocks over which glaciers pass have their corners rounded off, and are fluted and scratched in a remarkable manner. These markings, always in the direction of the glacier's length, have been ascribed to its motion; and so general is this effect, that such men as Agassiz, Buckland, Darwin, Ramsay, and a host of others, have not hesitated for one moment in considering it as a proof of glacial action when—take Snowdon as an instance—such a cause has ceased to exist. Dr. Tyndall, whose book on this subject has become a classic, has recently come across the complementary proof of their sliding motion, in the shape of precisely similar markings in the mass of the ice itself. In a letter to a contemporary, after showing that if the glacier, being a plastic mass, did not slide, it should mould itself to the shape of the underlying rock, and that if it did slide, the protuberances of the bed should form longitudinal furrows, while its depression should produce longitudinal ridges, he goes on to say:—"In descending from the summit of the Weighorn on the 19th of August last, I found, near the flanks of one of its glaciers, a portion of the ice completely roofing a hollow, over which it had been urged without being squeezed into it. A considerable area of the under surface of the glacier was thus exposed, and the ice of that surface was more finely fluted than ever I have observed rocks to be. Had the tool of a cabinet-maker passed over it, nothing more regular and beautiful could have been executed. Furrows and ridges ran side by side in the direction of the motion, and the deeper and larger ones were chased by finer lines, produced by the smaller and sharper asperities of the bed. The ice was perfectly unweathered, and the white dust of the rocks over which it had slid, and which it had abraded in its passage, still clung to it. The fact of sliding has been hitherto inferred from the action of the glacier upon the rocks; the above observation leads to the same inference from the action of the rocks upon the glacier. . . . It is the complementary proof that the glacier moves bodily over its bed."

GENERAL SUBJECTS.

IMPROVEMENT IN CARTRIDGES.—The paper which forms the envelope of the cartridges for Colt's revolvers, is now converted into pyroxyline, by soaking in the ordinary nitric-acid mixture. The paper is apparently unchanged, either in strength or sensible properties by this treatment; but it is rendered highly combustible, and explodes along with the gunpowder without leaving a residue. Thus, the powder is ignited quicker, and no residue is left in the barrel to foul it. This plan has still more recently been improved by dipping the finished cartridge, ball and all, into thin plain collodion. The effect of this is to form a varnish over the whole surface—beautiful, silky, and waterproof. The edges of the paper are thus cemented together, and the contraction, on drying, forces the powder together in a compact mass. The cartridges may be thrown into water with impunity, and, as they become much stronger by the impregnation with collodion, will bear considerable rough usage, whilst their inflammability is rather increased than diminished.

SUNDAY PHOTOGRAPHY.—This disgrace to a most beautiful art has at last grown to such an extent that an organization for the purpose of securing the entire suppression of a practice which has become a public nuisance, is now on foot, and likely soon to be in successful operation. The public will owe this boon to the agitation which the *Photographic News* has recently initiated respecting this matter.

CLEANING OLD BOOKS, PRINTS, &c.—The energetic action of ozone, the allotropic condition of oxygen, has lately been applied to remove stains from paper. By its means writing-ink is said to be entirely removed (although we doubt this), as are also vegetable colours; but printing-ink, grease, and mineral colours are not attacked by it. The plan recommended is as follows:—Introduce a stick of phosphorus, three inches long by half an inch thick, into a clean carboy; pour cold water in until the phosphorus is half covered; then loosely cork the carboy, and let it remain in a warm place for twelve or eighteen hours, by which time the contained air will be highly ozonized. Without removing the phosphorus and water, the article to be bleached is uniformly moistened with distilled water, and after being rolled up, is suspended by a platinum wire in about the centre of the carboy. The roll of paper is soon seen to be continually surrounded by the column of vapour rising from the surface of the phosphorus. The time required for the bleaching depends on the nature of the substance, but never requires more than three days: paper brown with age, and coloured with coffee spots, in two days was quite white and clean. If the paper were now dried, it would not only be very brittle, but would also rapidly become brown; hence the acid must be completely removed. The paper is immersed in water, which is frequently renewed, until it only gives a very feeble acid re-action with litmus. It is next placed in water to which a few drops of solution of soda have been added, and then, being spread on a piece of glass and placed in an inclined position, is exposed to a thin stream of water for twenty-four hours, when it may be removed and dried between blotting-paper, and then in the air.

A NOVEL AGENT IN WARFARE.—The new Orleans battering ram relies for its means of offence and defence upon the plentiful administration of hot water, which is thrown, through hose attached to boilers, on to the enemy's vessels. The vessel is the length of an ordinary steamboat, the roof being arched in shape, covered with railroad iron, so as to prevent balls from penetrating, and the balls in striking will immediately glance off without having any effect, let the position of the gun be what it may. At the bow of the boat is a ponderous cutter, made of the best steel, the object of which is to cut a vessel in two. This will require a very great power, which the projectors think they have attained in the way of two powerful engines. The vessel attacked by this ram, if it survives bisection, is to be disabled by boiling water, which will drive the men from the deck, and spoil the charges introduced into the cannon. This is not, however, an entirely novel idea: some years ago a similar means of defence

made incidentally, and made without special appliances, was signally effective. A small British war-steamer cruising in the China seas was attacked by a whole fleet of the pirates, who infest those waters in such great numbers, and notwithstanding the best defence that could be made with guns and small arms, they were commencing to board in swarms when the engineer, without orders, brought up a hose from the boiler to the deck, where, by a little well-directed squirting, in a very few seconds they were all driven overboard into their boats, or into the sea; and many who escaped scalding were drowned.

HAARLEM PRIZES FOR 1863.—The Scientific Society of Haarlem has recently published a list of the subjects for the best essays on which prizes will be awarded in 1863. These prizes will consist of a gold medal of the value of 150 florins, to be presented to the successful candidate in each case, together with 150 Dutch florins in money, if the essay be considered of extraordinary merit. The essays, plainly written in either Dutch, French, English, Latin, or German, are to be addressed to Monsr. J. G. S. van Breda, perpetual secretary of the Society at Haarlem, before January 1st, 1863:—"1. The gold medal will be presented to the naturalist who shall send a description of any new species of mammal, bird, or reptile coming from the Indian Archipelago; or a memoir containing new and remarkable facts on the structure and habits of life of any such animals. 2. Determine, as nearly as possible, the errors in Hansen's lunar tables, by means of observations of the occultations of the Pleiades, which have occurred during the last revolution of the moon's node. 3. Determine by theory and experiment the laws which regulate the length and intensity of the electric spark given off by the induction coils of different size and make, constructed by M. Ruhmkorff. 4. Define the difference between the perception of sounds with one and both ears, and generally, the influence of the double function in the organ of hearing. 5. According to M. Pasteur and others, fermentation is due to the development of cryptogamous vegetation and infusoria. The Society demands new and satisfactory researches into this subject; and, if possible, an exact description of the plants and animals, and their mode of action. 6. On the best construction and best method of employing steam-boats in the breaking-up of river ice: the practical results already obtained should be mentioned. 7. Point out the most remarkable consequences likely to follow from the examination of the phenomena of electric perturbations in the atmosphere, which generate electric currents in the telegraphic wires. 8. Point out what the borings in different places and other observations have made known with certainty of the nature of the different strata underlying the Low Countries, and of the geological formations covered by the deposits of alluvium and diluvium. 9. Decide, by an exact comparison of the fossils found at Groningen, with the minerals and fossils of the diluvium and other beds of the southern part of Norway, the question and the facts which have led M. Roemer to the conclusion, that the diluvium of Groningen has been transported from the island of Gothland. 10. Demonstrate by new and decisive researches the cause of the phenomena of the multitude of incandescent particles which are given off by the combustion of steel, iron, and other metals in oxygen; also of the luminous electric arc of a strong pile, between two metallic rheophores, especially if they be made of iron or steel."

CORRESPONDENCE.

CAUSE AND EFFECT—CLERICAL NON-EDUCATION AND CLERICAL DESTITUTION.

To the Editor of "The London Review."

SIR,—Several able letters on clerical education have appeared in recent numbers of the *Times*, and the writers have pointed out some of the glaring defects of our system. The remedies they suggest are generally of a sensible character, and though one or two of the plans are somewhat visionary, a tone of practical wisdom pervades the letters, which certainly entitles them to the consideration of both clergy and laity. Still there are important points either omitted or too briefly discussed. To these I would respectfully solicit the attention of our universities, especially of those members of them who either as professors or tutors have any share in fitting men for holy orders.

The cause of the present position of the Church of England is to be found in the defective education of candidates for the ministry. In every other profession, nay, in every trade, there is a distinct adaptation of means to end—there is a definite course of training in those branches that bear directly on the object in view. In medicine, for example, besides the usual preparatory studies in classics and mathematics, there is a long course of professional education. Anatomy, physiology, materia medica, botany, &c., must all be thoroughly studied, clinical lectures attended, practical skill acquired. In the Cambridge papers I find this note to the programme of "Medical Studies:—"

"Four years, at least, of professional study being required for any degree in medicine or surgery, it is expected that students will commence their attendance on the medical courses at the beginning of the term."

"HENRY J. H. BOND,

"Regius Professor of Physic."

No one would dream of a medical man's education being composed of seven years' work at a public school, three years at a university (both periods being occupied exclusively with classics and mathematics), and three or four months' superficial attention to those important professional studies on which all his value as a physician must depend. If such a system prevailed, what would be "the present position" of the medical faculty? Apply this to the case before us. The men who recently went in for "the Voluntary Theological," have all had a long course of preparatory education at good schools, or under competent private tuition. They have passed three years at this University, and many of them have distinguished themselves highly in one or both of the triposes. But what is the proportion between the preparatory and the professional part of their education? They have devoted ten years to classics and mathematics. Have they given ten months to theology? During their undergraduate career, many of them laboured hard to win distinctions, or, at least, to obtain their degree. Have they, as graduates, dedicated anything like the same amount of attention to Church history, dogmatic theology, and kindred subjects, as in the Scottish, Irish, and German Universities? The examiners know but too well the answer to this

inquiry. The "papers" always speak in unmistakable terms as to the want of thoroughness in the preparation. Men try to do that in a few months which, properly done, ought to occupy several years; and hence "the intellectual declension of the clergy," of which we have lately heard so much from the Bishop of Oxford and others. At the very time when study should be keenest—at the very moment when all previous work should tell in sending a ripe scholar into a glorious field of labour—a lax discipline creeps in; divinity lectures are attended, it is true, but men often read novels while the Professor lectures—there is no examination after each lecture—there is no practical teaching—there is little of that earnest work which has characterized their previous career in other studies.

But I need not occupy your valuable space by descriptions of evils which are so painfully obvious, and the results of which are but too evident in the exhibition made by the "awkward squads" of the Church the first time they find themselves in action. Might not the following remedies be tried?

1. The addition of a year to the present course—I mean after a man has taken his B.A. During the whole of this period the student's attention should be directed to the special studies required for the ministry; not merely the theoretical, but also the practical part. Let our present excellent Professors of Divinity divide the year amongst them, on such a plan as might enable all the theological candidates to derive full benefit from their lectures. Let college tutors, college lecturers, and private teachers combine to prepare men for the theological, as they do at present for the classical and mathematical examinations. Let sufficient time and attention be given to "read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest" the important subjects of dogmatic theology, church history, and biblical criticism; and let the student be well trained in the controversies into which he is very likely to be plunged in his parish work, with the Romanist, the Dissenter, and the Infidel; and in which, for want of knowledge and reasoning power, he is no match for his opponents.

2. The theoretical portion of his studies being provided for, every opportunity should be afforded for practice. His duties in the real work of the ministry are in the study, the prayer-desk, the pulpit, the school, and the house. For all these spheres he should have special preparation. The composition of a sermon should be no novelty to him when he is ordained. He should write at least one every week during his divinity year, which should be corrected by professor, college lecturer, or private tutor. He should be trained to read the service distinctly, impressively, and devotionally; and this cannot be done in half-a-dozen lessons. He ought to be accustomed not only to deliver a written discourse with effect, but to preach extempore, not in a vague desultory style, but with connected arguments, good language, and impressive action. Brought up as the student has been at a public school, or at least in one not for the labouring classes, he knows nothing practically of the working of a parochial school; and the interference of a newly-fledged clergyman with the schoolmaster has not unfrequently done much harm in the parish. The whole question of the education of the people should therefore be studied, and schools visited. Taking a class in a Sunday-school, as many divinity students now do, is excellent practice. And for the acquirement of skill in house-to-house ministrations, cottage lectures, dealing with the ignorant, comforting the afflicted, visiting the sick, I know of only one plan—an imitation of the one long pursued in training medical students by means of clinical lectures. That plan is, that every parochial clergyman in a university town should be the centre and the teacher of a class of students, whom he should instruct theoretically and practically in pastoral theology; the pupils paying for their tuition by giving their help as Sunday-school teachers, district visitors, cottage lecturers, readers to the blind, sick, and aged. Such drill as this would make the soldier of the cross "thoroughly furnished unto all good works."

3. Or, the whole course of university education for *Divinity* students might be modified. Instead of three years' classics and mathematics, and three months' theology, as at present, or instead of the addition of a single year, the following changes might, I think, be adopted with advantage:—

1. Let the "previous examination" take place at the end of the first term; men, of course, coming up better prepared than at present.

2. Let the B.A. examination, in the case of theological students, be at the end of the last term of the second year.

3. Let the strictly professional studies occupy two years; the theological examination (which might be a tripos) closing the course (four years in all), and perhaps a B.D. given, instead of M.A., thus making the Divinity faculty more of a reality.

4. Let a fair share of college and university honours and emoluments, not excluding fellowships, be awarded to eminence in theology.

I respectfully submit these suggestions to the consideration of the university authorities, especially the Board of Theological Studies. The reform must begin here. The bishops will, I am certain, gladly co-operate in the promotion of a plan that will send them trained soldiers instead of raw recruits. The congregations will rejoice when they have pastors who know their duties as clergymen, and can perform them, instead of men who, though able to write exquisite Latin verse, are not equal to preaching plain English prose, or even to reading the service intelligently and intelligibly. The laity would contribute more liberally to the support of the Church, if the Church, through her universities, furnished them with better men; for though one grieves to hear of cases of "clerical destitution," I fear "clerical incapacity" is too obviously one of the causes.

I close with one brief suggestion to patrons of livings. Do not reward with church preferment the mere scholar, the high wrangler, or the senior classic, who has not undergone some such training as the one now suggested, and who has no proper qualification for the ministry, either as reader, preacher, or parish-priest. If, however, to his academic distinctions he adds the power of preaching and of working a parish, by all means promote him. Far be it from me to suggest less learning; but I contend that there should be, in clerical life, as in other avocations, special qualifications for special duties, and special encouragements thereto. The present position of the Church of England, as the result, in a great measure, of the non-professional training of her clergy, is simply this. She has a certain influence amongst the higher classes, and she labours zealously (I wish I could say successfully) amongst the poor. But the middle classes, especially in the manufacturing districts, are no longer hers; and the ground lost cannot be recovered till she sends forth men duly trained for their work.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

Cambridge, Oct. 15, 1861.

A COLLEGE LECTURER.

NECROLOGY.

SIR J. H. WILLIAMS, BART.

On Thursday, the 10th inst., at Clovelly Court, near Bideford, Devon, aged 71, Sir James Hamlyn Williams, Bart., of that place, and of Edwinstow, co. Carmarthen. The deceased baronet, who was a Magistrate and Deputy-Lieutenant for Devonshire, and served, in 1848, as High Sheriff for Carmarthenshire, and had represented that county in the Liberal interest for a short time before the Reform Bill, and again in the second Reformed Parliament, was born in 1790, and succeeded to his father's title and estates in 1829. He was the eldest son of the late Sir James Hamlyn-Williams, Bart. (who assumed the additional name of Williams), some time M.P. for Carmarthenshire, by Diana, daughter of Abraham Whittaker, Esq. In early life he entered the army, and rose to become Captain in the 7th Lancers; and later in life he held the office of Lieutenant-Colonel commanding the East Devon Militia. He was a brother-in-law of the late Earl Fortescue, whom he survived scarcely a month, and whose sister, Lady Mary Fortescue, he married in 1823. By her he has left issue three daughters, all married; and as his two brothers, Charles and Orlando, died before him, it would appear, so far as we can ascertain from Lodge and Burke, that the baronetcy, which was created in 1795, has become extinct. By his death, the families of the Earls of Gainsborough and Fortescue, Sir Arthur Chichester, Bart., Sir N. Rycroft, Bart., Sir J. W. Drummond, Bart., and Sir H. Ferguson Davie, Bart., &c., are placed in mourning.

SIR W. K. MURRAY, BART.

On Thursday, the 16th inst., at Ochertyre, N.B., aged 60, Sir William Keith Murray, Bart., of Ochertyre, co. Perth. The deceased Baronet was the eldest son of the late Sir Patrick Murray, Bart., some time Baron of the Court of Exchequer in Scotland, by the Lady Mary Anne Hope, youngest daughter of John, Earl of Hopetoun, in the Peerage of Scotland. He was born at Ochertyre, on the 19th of July, 1801, and succeeded to his father's title in 1837. He was a Magistrate and Deputy-Lieutenant for Perthshire, to which office he was appointed in 1846; and in the same year he resigned the command of the local militia, which he had held for many years as Lieutenant-Colonel. He married, first, in 1833, Helen Margaret Oliphant, only child and heiress of the late Sir Alexander Keith, of Dunottar, Knight Marischal of Scotland, by whom he had issue three daughters and seven sons, the eldest of whom, Patrick, of Dunottar, who was born in 1835, succeeds to the title as 8th Baronet. Sir William married, secondly, in 1854, the Lady Adelaide Augusta Lavinia Hastings, youngest daughter of the 1st Marquis of Hastings, and sister of the late Marchioness of Bute, but by her had no issue.

THE REV. W. H. CHAPMAN.

On Wednesday, the 15th inst., at Balsham Rectory, Cambridgeshire, aged 78, the Rev. William Herbert Chapman, M.A., rector of that parish. He was born in the year 1782, or early in the following year, and was educated on the foundation of the Charterhouse; he proceeded thence to Pembroke College, Cambridge, where he graduated B.A. in 1805, and proceeded M.A. in 1811. According to Crockford's *Clerical Directory*, he received deacon's orders in 1806 from the Bishop of Rochester, and was admitted into priest's orders in the following year by the Archbishop of Canterbury (Dr. Mannors Sutton). He was for many years an assistant master and eventually second master of the Charterhouse School, a post which he held under both Dr. Russell and Dr. Saunders (the present Dean of Peterborough), and in which he was eminently beloved by his pupils. In 1838 he was presented by the governors of the Charterhouse to the rectory of Balsham, now vacant by his death, of the annual value of £1,400. His son is the Rev. William Herbert Chapman, jun., vicar of Bassingbourne, in the same county.

W. VAUGHAN, ESQ.

On Tuesday, the 15th inst., at his residence, 2, Gloucester-street, Portman-square, aged 80, William Michael Thomas John Vaughan, Esq., of Courtfield, Herefordshire. The deceased gentleman, who was the head of one of the oldest and best connected of the Roman Catholic families, was the only son of the late William Vaughan, Esq., of Courtfield, by Frances, daughter of John Turner, Esq., of Hampstead, and was born in 1781. He succeeded to his father's property while still a minor, and married, first, in 1803, Miss Teresa Weld, daughter of Thomas Weld, Esq., of Lulworth Castle, Dorset, by whom he had issue three daughters and four sons; and, secondly, in 1835, Lady Mary Anne Browne, daughter of Valentine, 1st Earl of Kenmare, and widow of Sir Thomas Gage, Bart., but was left a widower again in 1840. He is succeeded in the estate of Courtfield by his eldest son, Lieutenant-Colonel John Francis Vaughan, who was born in 1808, and who married, first, in 1830, Eliza Louisa, daughter of John Rolls, Esq., of the Hendre, co. Monmouth, and, secondly, a few months since to his cousin, Miss Mary Weld, daughter of Joseph Weld, Esq., of Lulworth Castle. Colonel Vaughan was educated at the Jesuit College of Stonyhurst, and is a Magistrate and Deputy Lieutenant for Gloucestershire, Monmouthshire, and Herefordshire. The Vaughans of Courtfield are an old Welsh family, and are descended from a common ancestor with Lord Newborough.

DOWAGER MARCHIONESS OF CONYNHAM.

On Friday, the 11th instant, at Bifrons, her seat, near Canterbury, aged 92, the Most Noble Elizabeth, Dowager Marchioness of Conyngham. Her ladyship, whose name was one of notoriety as a court favourite under the Regency, was Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Joseph Denison, Esq., of Denbri, near Dorking, Surrey, and sister of the late William Joseph Denison, Esq., of Denbri, many years M.P. for the Western Division of Surrey. She was born in 1770, and married, in 1794, Henry, 3rd Baron and 1st Earl and Marquis of Conyngham, in the Irish Peerage, who was enrolled among the English Peers as Lord Minster, of Minster Abbey, Kent, at the coronation of George IV., in 1821. By her late husband, who was a K.P. and one of the Irish Representative Peers, and died in December, 1832, her ladyship had issue five sons and three daughters, of whom several died young. Her eldest son, Lord Mount Charles, died in 1824 at the age of 29;

the only two daughters who grew up to womanhood married respectively the Marquis of Huntly and the Right Hon. Sir Wm. M. Somerville; and her two other sons were the present Marquis of Conyngham and the late Lord Londesborough, who, as Lord Albert Conyngham, sat for many years as M.P. for Canterbury in the Liberal interest, and, having inherited the great wealth of his uncle, Mr. Denison, was raised to the Peerage in 1850. For many years the deceased lady had retired from fashionable society, and had devoted herself during her old age to works of charity in her own neighbourhood, where her loss will be severely felt by the poor.

MRS. T. GELDART.

Recently, at her residence in Norfolk, Mrs. T. Geldart. She was a daughter of Simon Martin, Esq., banker, of Norwich, a partner in the eminent firm of Messrs. Gurney & Co. We take the following brief account of her from a local paper, the *Norfolk News*:—"Mrs. Geldart's 'Historical Tales of England and her Forty Counties,' of 'Scotland,' of 'Ireland,' 'Glimpses of our Island Home,' &c., give, in elegant and attractive diction, some results of her literary power and research. Among the tales she wrote are 'Emilie, the Peacemaker,' 'Truth is Everything,' 'Love a Reality, not a Romance,' &c., which, for the graceful winning style in which they depict pure and noble principles for the guidance of youth, have few equals. Mrs. Geldart was also the compiler of the 'Life of the late Samuel Gurney;' and her 'Sunday Thoughts,' as well as her pleasing contributions to many religious periodicals, are valued and welcomed in many a household. Perhaps her most touchingly beautiful work is 'Strength in Weakness,' a memorial of her son. She has also sent her noble teaching and most attractive style of narrative into tens of thousands of homes among the poorer classes of our land in three of the 'Household Tracts,' which are from her pen, viz., 'Cottage Homes,' 'The Mother's Trials and Triumphs,' and 'Daughters from Home.'"

J. H. BENNETT, ESQ.

On Friday, the 11th inst., at his residence, Bennett's Court, near Queens-town, co. Cork, aged 79, Joseph Henry Bennett, Esq., of that place. He was the eldest son of the late George Jackson, Esq., of Glanbeg, co. Waterford, by Susannah, daughter and sole heiress of Joseph Bennett, Esq., Recorder of Cork, and Elizabeth, daughter of John Warren, Esq., of Castle Warren, co. Cork, and was born in 1782. He was educated at Brasenose College, Oxford, and served for some years in the 56th Regiment of Foot, and the 9th Light Dragoons. In 1812 he married Theodosia Anne, daughter and co-heir of John Smith, Esq., of Summer Castle, co. Lancaster; and in the following year he assumed, by royal licence, the name and arms of his mother's family in lieu of his own patronymic.

B. ALEXANDER, Esq.—On Sunday, the 13th inst., aged 65, Boyd Alexander, Esq., of Ballochmyle and South Barr. He was the youngest son of the late Claude Alexander, Esq., and was born in 1796.

MRS. SHEE.—On Friday, the 11th inst., in Sussex-place, Hyde-park, aged 45, Mrs. Shee. She was Mary, second daughter of the late Sir James Gordon, Bart., of Letterfourie, co. Banff, and married, in 1837, Wm. Shee, Esq., of Lincoln's-Inn, Sergeant-at-Law, late M.P. for co. Kilkenny.

MISS L'ESTRANGE.—On Monday, the 14th inst., at Torquay, aged 22, Miss L'Estrange. She was Rhoda, third daughter of Sir George Burdett L'Estrange, Gentleman Usher of the Black Rod to the Order of St. Patrick.

MRS. FREEMAN.—On the 11th inst., at Broadway Court, Worcestershire, Mrs. Freeman. She was Margery, widow of the Rev. Edward Freeman, Rector of Felton, Herefordshire.

CAPTAIN EVANS.—On Saturday, the 5th inst., at Babbicombe, near Torquay, aged 23, Captain John Evans, unattached. He was the eldest son of Captain John Evans, of Bath, late of the Indian army. His death was the result of severe wounds received at Cawnpore in action with the rebels in Gwalior, when holding the post of Adjutant of the 88th Connaught Rangers.

COUNTESS DE REVEL.—On Thursday, the 10th instant, at Turin, the Countess de Revel. She was Emily, daughter of the late Basil Montagu, Esq., Q.C. (who was a natural son of the late Earl of Sandwich), and widow of Count Adrian Thacon de Revel, sometime Sardinian Minister at the Court of Vienna.

MAJOR FORESTER.—On Tuesday, the 22nd instant, at 31, St. James's-place, aged 80, Major Francis Forester. He was the younger son of Cecil Forester, Esq., of Willey Park, co. Salop, and brother of the late, and uncle of the present, Lord Forester. He was born in 1781, and served for some years in the 15th, or King's Light Dragoons. He married in 1813 Lady Louisa Vane, eldest daughter of the late Duke of Cleveland, by which lady, who died in January, 1821, he leaves surviving issue Colonel C. W. Forester, married to the sister of Lord Saltoun. By his demise the families of the Duke of Cleveland, Lord Forester, the Earl and Countess of Chesterfield, Viscountess Newport, the Right Hon. Colonel C. W. Forester, M.P., Lord William Powlett, &c., are placed in mourning.

CAPTAIN MAURICE.—On Thursday, September 12th, at Poonah, East Indies, aged 24, Captain Robert Maurice Bonnor Maurice, of her Majesty's 95th regiment. Captain Maurice, who was the eldest son of Robert M. Bonnor-Maurice, Esq., of Bodynfoel, Montgomeryshire, a magistrate and Deputy-Lieutenant for that county, was born in 1837. He entered the army as ensign 95th Foot in 1855, and served at the siege and fall of Sebastopol from the 16th August, 1855 (medal and clasp, and Turkish medal); served in 1858 at the siege and capture of Kotah, battle of Kotah-ke-Serai, and general action resulting in the capture of Gwalior (mentioned in despatches, medal and clasp).

THOMAS GILL, Esq.—On Sunday, the 20th inst., at his residence, Brooklands, Tavistock, aged 73, Thomas Gill, Esq. He was a son of the late John Gill, Esq., banker, of Tavistock, and brother of John H. Gill, Esq., of Bickham Park, near Plymouth, and was born in 1788. Mr. Gill was, at the time of his death, a Magistrate and Deputy-Lieutenant for the county of Devon,

and the proprietor of the Tavistock Iron Works, and the Milbay Soap Works, Plymouth. He represented Plymouth in Parliament, subsequent to the passing of the Reform Bill, from 1841 to 1847, and was a decided Liberal. He spoke on commercial questions, and though not prominent, he was a very useful member of the House of Commons. Mr. Gill was twice married; first, in 1812, to Rachel, daughter of Andrew Paton, Esq., of London; and second, in 1816, to Jane, daughter of Robert Charles, Esq.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

Sir Francis Palgrave, K.H., Deputy Keeper of the Public Records, who died at his residence, The Green, Hampstead, Middlesex, on the 6th July last, aged 73, executed his will 16th November, 1860, appointing Thomas Brightwin, Esq., Alfred H. Browne, Esq., and the Rev. Samuel C. Brown, executors. Probate was granted by the London Court on the 12th instant, the personalty being sworn under £4,000. The attesting witnesses to the will are, Edward James Tabrum and Alexander C. Ewald, both of the Public Record Office, Roll's House, Chancery-lane. Sir Francis Palgrave was a member of the legal profession, being called to the bar in 1827, but never practised professionally. He obtained an appointment in the Record Office early in life, and found sufficient leisure to indulge in literary pursuits, to which he was devotedly attached. He has contributed some very valuable works, and was occupied on one of great importance when death occurred. Sir Francis commences his will with some devotional expressions. He directs his sons to select any books or articles as mementos of him, their father, together with his MSS., correspondence, &c., to be dealt with as they may deem fit. After leaving to a female cousin and to a friend legacies amounting to £150, Sir F. Palgrave directs that the residue of his property shall be applied to the purchase of an annuity for his sister, Rosa, who he describes in his will as his "desolate sister." There is a singular peculiarity with regard to the testator's direction as to his interment, which is, that he may be buried in a manner as would most tend to a speedy decomposition. [For a memoir of Sir F. Palgrave, see our journal, No. 54, 13th July.]

Dowager Lady Musgrave, of Leamington Priors, Warwick, relict of Sir Philip Musgrave, Bart., of Edenhall, Cumberland, M.P. for Carlisle. Her ladyship's will, bearing date in 1858, was proved in the London Court, on the 10th of the present month, by her brother, Major-General William Fludger, sole executor; the personalty being sworn under £16,000. This lady's will is a family one; she bequeaths to her brother-in-law, Sir George Musgrave, Bart., who is the inheritor to the title and estate enjoyed by the testatrix's late husband, all her funded property, money at the bankers, jewellery, and other effects not specifically disposed of. The jewellery, &c., to be retained as heir-looms. To her brother, Major-General Fludger, her ladyship has bequeathed the residue of her estate to distribute according to certain directions contained in a codicil, the parties benefitted being her ladyship's own immediate relatives. Lady Musgrave, the testatrix, was highly connected, being the granddaughter of the late Earl of Westmoreland. Her ladyship married Sir Philip Musgrave, Bart., in 1824, who died in 1827; her ladyship remaining a widow for the lengthened period of thirty-four years, up to the time of her death, which occurred on the 21st of August last, at the age of 66. There was issue one daughter, who died in 1844, unmarried.

John Broadhurst, Esq., late of Foston, Derby, and of Richmond, Surrey, formerly of Hyde-park-terrace, who died at Richmond, on the 15th ultimo, had made his will in 1840, appointing his only son, John Broadhurst, Esq., sole executor, to whom probate was granted by the London Court, on the 19th inst., the personalty being sworn under £30,000. This will, though made a considerable time back, has been in no way altered. The testator was a gentleman who died possessed of a handsome property, consisting of realty as well as personalty. The will is brief, and merely confined to two dispositions, the testator bequeathing to his wife the household effects, furniture, carriages, &c.; and devising to his son his manors, messuages, lands, tenements, and all other real estate, together with his personal property absolutely. The will was presented for probate by Messrs. Brundrett, Randall, & Morton, solicitors, King's Bench Walk.

John Mellor, Esq., of Leicester, who died at his residence in that city on the 10th of August last, had executed his will in the year 1831, which was proved in the London Court on the 15th instant, by his son John Mellor, Esq., Q.C., of the Inner Temple, and Otterspool House, Herts, the surviving executor. This is the will of a gentleman who appears to have led a retired life. The document, which was made upwards of thirty years since, contains a provision for his wife, who he also nominated executrix with his son. This lady having died previous to the testator, the whole estate, real and personal, devolves upon the son; the testator making no bequest of any kind to any one. Mr. Mellor, the son of the testator, is a gentleman of the legal profession, well known on the Midland Circuit. He is Recorder of Leicester, attained to the rank of Q.C. in 1851, is a Bencher of the Middle Temple, and was late M.P. for Yarmouth.

Captain Edward John Lees, 86th Foot, formerly of Cheltenham, Gloucester, but late of Torquay, Devon, where he died, 12th July last, having executed his will the 29th of the month previous, which was proved in the London Court on the 15th instant, by Mrs. Wilhelmina Felicite Lees, the relict, and George Lees, Esq., the testator's father, the executors. This military officer, who made his will only a few days previous to his decease, died possessed of real estate as well as personal property, all of which he has devised to his widow absolutely. The testator has also appointed his relict and his own father guardians of his infant son. There are no other dispositions contained in the will.

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